

# California Historical Society Quarterly

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Robert E. Cowan

C. Templeton Crocker

Francis P. Farquhar

Mrs. W. E. Purdy

Carl I. Wheat

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# CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Incorporated March 6, 1886

Reorganized March 27, 1922

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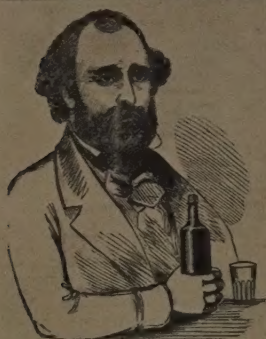


# UBIQUI



# TOUS.

(THE HEADING OF THE "UBIQUITOUS")



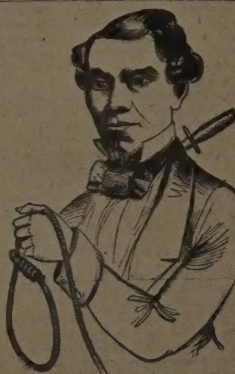
**Bull-frog Barry**

ITEMS FOR HIS PARTNER PRIMROSE.  
CELEBRATED TELEGRAPH OPERATOR—FROM THE OTHER  
END OF THE LINE.

McGOWAN'S  
**PORTRAIT  
Gallery**

OF THE  
**STRANGLERS!**

FOR  
**FRAZER RIVER.**

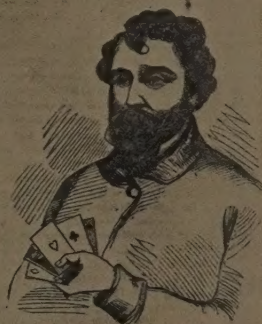


**S. A. Hopkins,**

HANGMAN,

WHOSE NECK WAS MARKED FOR THE ROPE.

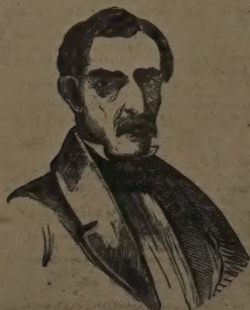
(THE "PORTRAITS"  
WHICH APPEARED  
IN THE LAST ISSUE  
OF THE "UBIQUITOUS").



**PRIMROSE PATTEN.**

OF VIRTUOUS WIFE NOTORIETY.

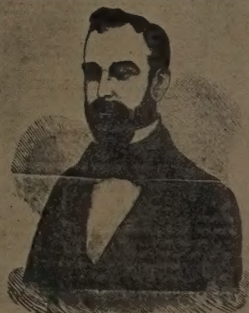
WAX CARD MONTE SHARPER, AND TELEGRAPH  
DRAW POKER PLAYER.



**Jules David,**

EXECUTIVE THIEF.

WHO BONDED THE SAFE OF JULES GUY'S BANK.



**Isaac Bluxome,**

(22 SECRETARY.)

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED "BILLET DOUX."



# California Historical Society Quarterly

## NED, THE UBIQUITOUS

### Soldier of Fortune par Excellence

### Being the Further Narrative of Edward McGowan

It will be recalled that, after his dramatic escape from the "All-Seeing Eye" of the Committee of Vigilance in June, 1856, "Ned" McGowan — erstwhile Justice of the Peace of San Francisco and intimate of James P. Casey whom the Committee hung — was eagerly sought to the end that he might be brought to trial before the citizenry-militant for complicity in the shooting of James King (of William). McGowan's flight; his hair-breadth and hair-raising escapades; his hiding; his succor by Jack Powers, the bandit, and by sympathetic Doctor Den of Santa Barbara; the rumors of his presence from Philadelphia to the Antipodes (whence his sobriquet, the "ubiquitous"); his sudden reappearance before the Legislature assembled in Sacramento; his trial at Napa under change of venue, and his final triumphant acquittal form the "plot" of his quaint but absorbing "Narrative." This tale, which is one of the most fascinating chronicles of adventure, scurrility and libel that ever issued from any press, was declared by a recent writer to possess a glamour "which is scarce exceeded by the most brilliant romances of Dumas or Scott,"<sup>1</sup> while the contemporary *Alameda County Gazette* enthusiastically declared that, "the work combines in equal proportions the spirit of John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe. . . . Next to Phoenixiana we consider it to be the highest achievement of California literature."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lynch, Jeremiah, *A Senator of the Fifties*, San Francisco, 1911, p. 130.

<sup>2</sup> In a similar vein the *San Francisco News Letter* of August 20, 1857, declared:

"The hair-breadth escapes of King Charles in the oaks of Boscobel, does (sic) not exceed the incidents of vivid interest graphically portrayed in this very interesting chronicle. If the spirit of Defoe should descend on the Pacific Coast, and depict the Robinson Crusoe of our times, it would be impossible to invent a more interesting account of a man's wandering when hunted so perseveringly into chaparral — behind doors — in a roll of carpeting — into haciendas — on mountain tops — under bedsteads — on foot — on horseback and in every conceivable way by which a fox could escape the most experienced huntsman."

The book, the complete title of which was the *Narrative of Edward McGowan, Including a Full Account of the Author's Adventures and Perils, while Persecuted by the San Francisco Vigilance Committee in 1856*, was published by the author himself in 1857 — a hastily prepared, paper-covered affair of 240 pages, with several crude and curious woodcuts.<sup>3</sup> It has become a rare and much sought little volume, but even though it be a "collector's item," it is most readable, and no one who loves tales of adventure, or who desires to obtain a first hand picture of the "other side" of the second San Francisco Vigilante episode should fail to seek it out.<sup>4</sup>

It is not the purpose of this account to review this "Narrative," but rather to follow its author through some of the later episodes of his tempestuous career. Suffice it to say that in it McGowan several times suggested his intention of preparing a further chronicle to deal more specifically with the Committee of Vigilance itself and the origin, early lives and youthful indiscretions of its several members, their wives, intimates and progeny. What a choice and scandalous tidbit this promised volume would have been! So far as can be ascertained, however, these revelations anent those whom he ironically termed the "Purest and Best," never appeared in book form. Instead, soon after the publication of the "Narrative," McGowan, from the safe distance of Sacramento, began the issuance of *The Phoenix*, a four-page weekly journal embodying as rare and racy a hymn of hate as was ever set in type. The first number saw the light on Sunday morning, August 30, 1857, and it and all subsequent issues must have been literally "eaten up" by its readers — delighted, horrified or angry in proportion to their relation to the Committee — for copies of it are now of excessive rarity, and so far as has been ascertained only the Bancroft Collection at the University of California contains a complete

<sup>3</sup> The narrative bore the following dedication:

"This Book is Respectfully Inscribed to

NICHOLAS A. DEN, M. D.,

OF SANTA BARBARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,

Whose kindness to the author may be said to have transcended the charity of the GOOD SAMARITAN, in that he did not confine himself to the discharge of a merely Christian duty, which brought with it its own reward, and nought of danger to the doer, but fearlessly braving the insane clamor of the multitude, and listening only to the voice of unselfishness and chivalrous compassion for the hunted and the helpless, nobly sought him out from the inhospitable wilderness, and bravely sheltered him from the fury of a cruel mob. That length of days, prosperity and happiness may be his, is the heartfelt hope of his ever grateful and firm friend,

EDWARD MCGOWAN."

<sup>4</sup> Although a copy of the original edition of McGowan's "Narrative" is now a book of great rarity, the work has again been made available in an excellent line-for-line and page-for-page reprint which in 1917 issued from the private press of Thomas C. Russell, of San Francisco.



file of its twenty-five issues, together with the eighteen issues of the similar sheetlet entitled the *Ubiquitous*, which followed it.<sup>5</sup>

Now this McGowan was no man's fool. He was a person of considerable education, and before his advent in California had held in his native state of Pennsylvania a number of responsible posts which he later characterized as "offices of honor and trust." Born in 1807, of a good family — his brother fired the first gun of the Civil War at Fort Sumter<sup>6</sup> — he early learned the printer's trade,<sup>7</sup> but entered politics in 1837. In 1838 he was elected Clerk of a district near Philadelphia, being re-elected no less than five times. In 1842 he entered the Legislature, where he became involved in a stabbing affair with an editor, and upon resigning was shortly appointed Superintendent of the State Magazine for the Eastern District. After two years in this position, he was elected Superintendent of Police for a district in Philadelphia,<sup>8</sup> a post which he held at the time of the once notorious Chester County Bank robbery and resultant scandal. McGowan was implicated, but after a wild get-a-way and subsequent capture in the disguise of a drover he was given a form of trial and at length was enabled to escape from his early haunts to California — for it was 1849, and all hot heads were turned in that direction.<sup>9</sup>

San Francisco, still in its swaddling clothes, offered a fertile field for that particular brand of genius usually possessed by the professional politician. Immediately upon arrival, therefore, McGowan allied himself with the Broderick or Northern Wing of the Democracy and proceeded to settle himself in a position as Justice of the Peace. The next

<sup>5</sup> The California State Library possesses a fairly representative file of these two periodicals. It is also understood that the Library of Congress contains several copies of both. The Huntington Library at Pasadena has one copy of *The Phoenix*.

<sup>6</sup> *San Francisco Call*, Dec. 9, 1893. Rear Admiral John W. McGowan, U. S. Navy, was a nephew, the son of Ned's older brother.

<sup>7</sup> Bancroft, H. H., *Popular Tribunals*, II, p. 247.

<sup>8</sup> Over the signature of "Felix," the *San Francisco Bulletin* for June 9, 1857, said of this period of McGowan's career:

"This was a position suited to his capacity and aspirations. A would be murderer, guardian over the lives and property of citizens. Now he cultivated the friendship and society of thieves, and was seen in their villainous company almost continually----He ripened rapidly by this intercourse----indulged in scenes of vice, horrible to imagine."

<sup>9</sup> McGowan's "Narrative," p. vii. See also Bancroft, op. cit. p. 248. The Vigilance Committee of 1851 took official cognizance of the charges growing out of this robbery of the Chester County Bank, and resolved upon an investigation of McGowan. At the time, however, his friendship with John Nugent, editor of the *Herald* and a supporter of the Committee, saved him from difficulty. This friendship stood him in good stead in 1856, when Nugent supported the "Law and Order" party, and later, when Nugent aided McGowan in numerous enterprises.

For a detailed account of McGowan's trip to California, via Panama in 1849, see the *San Francisco Daily Evening Post*, July 6, 1878.

Executive Committee Chambers  
San Francisco September 5, 1856

Wm Stephens

Your written request to leave  
the State of California by the Steamer of  
this day has been received by the Executive  
Committee and I am directed to state to  
you that your prayer has been granted up-  
-on the special condition that you never  
return under the penalty of death.

By order of the Committee  
J. B. Sherman



step was as Associate Justice of the Court of Sessions, and soon there came a good State appointment from Governor Bigler.<sup>10</sup> Albeit denounced as a "ballot box stuffer," he was Broderick's choice for Chairman of the roisterous double-headed Democratic Convention held in Sacramento in 1854,<sup>11</sup> and politically he seemed to be "sitting on the top of the world" — until that eventful day in May, 1856, when his friend Casey shot James King (of William) and the outraged citizens of San Francisco took the law into their own hands and went gunning (or rather "hemp-roping") after the murderer and all his ilk. And of all of Casey's intimates the first to be sought was Ned McGowan.

Whether the Committee of Vigilance desired to do more than deport "the Judge" is a question which cannot now be answered with assurance. Many years later a leader of that body declared that such was the extent of its intent in reference to McGowan,<sup>12</sup> but that that redoubtable party honestly believed himself in danger of the noose is certain, and his indictment and later actual trial for complicity in the King murder lends a certain color to the suspicion that his fear was well-taken. At any rate he at once made himself as scarce as possible, and successfully eluded the most strenuous efforts of what he later termed "the cruel mob" to capture him.

#### "THE PHOENIX"

After his trial and acquittal, however, speaking from the comparative safety of Sacramento, "the Judge," as has been stated above, turned his facile pen upon his persecutors.<sup>13</sup> Vengeance, said he in the

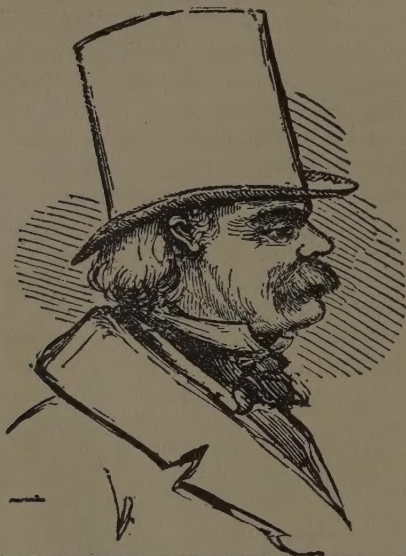
<sup>10</sup> The San Francisco *Call*, Dec. 9, 1893, states that this was a "Federal Appointment." This is an error for it was as State Commissioner of Immigrants. (*The Phoenix*, No. 3, p. 4; Bancroft, op. cit. p. 249). Ned's "friend" "Felix" of the *Bulletin* declared on June 9, 1857, that "Now, he took an active, energetic part in politics. He could always be found at primary meetings, and presiding over nominating conventions. His natural impudence made him seek the foremost post. In no manner of wrong doing did he manifest the least weakness or wavering. To him was assigned the dirty work of the party; the initiation of thieves into the mysteries of ballot-box stuffing — sleeving, fingering and counting out. Others cut out the work, McGowan found the instruments. — to him John Bigler and D. C. Broderick are indebted for the positions they hold. Broderick, unlike Byrne [erstwhile District Attorney of San Francisco], cannot be charged with deserting his friend. At his solicitation, and with the consent of Mose Flannegan, who received a *quid pro quo*, Bigler made McGowan Commissioner of Immigrants. This was an offset to Ned's services in aiding to nominate and elect 'Fatty' a second term."

<sup>11</sup> Davis — *Political Conventions in California*, p. 29.

<sup>12</sup> San Francisco *Call*, Dec. 9, 1893.

<sup>13</sup> The *Bulletin* saw no joke in this, and remarked (Mar. 3, 1857): "Ned McGowan, the ubiquitous, has actually arrived in Sacramento. This time there is no humbug about it. It is the identical ballot-box stuffer himself. He puts up at the Magnolia drinking-saloon, where yesterday he was the centre of a large circle of admirers with the like of whom this city swarms at present. Sacramento at this time resembles one of the old Jewish cities of refuge, where murderers and other criminals could flee for shelter from the avengers of blood."

first issue of *The Phoenix*, was not his motive; and he added that he did not assume the editorial pen for the purpose of redressing his own grievances, but rather "for the purpose of unmasking the hypocrites who are rolling in purple and fine linen." "Vigilantes," he declared, "shall be our theme, our constant text, none others need fear exposure in our columns." These columns were to be "free and independent,



### **EDW. M'GOWAN,**

Who was indicted as an accomplice of Casey in the murder of JAMES KING OF WM., and who is now a fugitive from justice, has been a prominent politician in San Francisco, and held a responsible office under Gov. Bigler. He has been more or less connected with the leading political events of this city for the last four years. He has thus far eluded the vigilance of the Committee.

(From a letter-sheet in the collection of Mr. Templeton Crocker.)

controlled by no one save ourself (sic)," and the editor added: "It will not be necessary to resort to falsehood in order to portray the black and infamous characters of the fiends incarnate, to whom we purpose in the course of our editorial career to pay our attention."

With his purpose and program thus set forth, McGowan proceeded to his work with true "pioneer vigor." In the first issue of the paper,

which, though it was published on a Sunday morning, was no Sunday School journal, appeared a "New Song," dedicated to "The King of the Polecats," which the editor declared to be the work of "Caliban, Poet Laureate to the Purest and Best." In another column the premier of a series of articles to be entitled "McGowan's Lives of the Stranglers" dealt with the career of the brother of James King (of William), Thomas S. King, whom the editor, among other characterizations now better omitted, described as "alias slippery slim—the Fratricide." A list of prominent "Stranglers" was printed, while in contempt for the well-known symbol of the Committee, McGowan declared that these men bore "the impress of the Hog's Eye."

"Look out for our next," enthusiastically exclaimed the editor, for in it "we shall have the pleasure of giving our readers a sketch of the Life of George Robespierre Ward, the pigmy of the Executive Committee." "Mallett, the Livery Stable Fiend," came in for certain violent remarks, and "Heslep, the Hypocrite," was also given considerable attention.<sup>14</sup>

The second issue of this amiable sheet, dated Sunday Morning, September 6, 1857, gave notice that the "Publication Office" of the paper was at E. B. Davidson's Book Store, No. 1 Read's Block, Third Street between I and J Streets, Sacramento. It contained an "Extract from a New Play," also by Caliban, entitled "The Strangler,"—an inkling of which is to be obtained from the stage directions for the first act, the scene of which is the "Executive Chamber of Vigilance." Thus opens the play:

Strangers in Session—Judge Forger J. P. Manrow on the bench—Guards stationed at every entrance—Messengers in attendance. All who enter, give their number, and the password,—bow low to the presiding "Strangler," and take their seats. The Judge raps and every eye is directed toward him, and each "Strangler" looks as fierce and bloody as possible.

The "triumphant election" of Col. Weller to the post of Governor, says the editor, will bring about a new era, "and the Strangers may well quake with fear," for "let them attempt another insurrection, and their blood will flow like water in the streets of San Francisco. They will get a taste of what they call the McGowan and Herbert Democracy."

<sup>14</sup> In the *Sacramento Bee*, Aug. 31, 1857, appeared the following:

"*The Phoenix*—The first number of this page appeared yesterday, a copy of which was handed to us by its editor and publisher, the heretofore 'Ubiquitous' Edward McGowan. It is printed in this city, is small-sized, and the object of issuing it appears to be to attack the personal character of the members of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, who have not manifested much regard for his personal welfare, on account of not entertaining an exalted opinion of his virtues. As the editor is not very choice in his language, the paper will not be much sought after by those who take delight in reading what is called 'polite literature,' and we cannot recommend it to our friends."



Although rates were published from the first, and it was declared that a limited number would be accepted, no advertisements made their appearance in the early issues of *The Phoenix*, but in this second number the editor himself led off with an appeal to his readers to join the thirsty throng at the "Union Hotel Drinking Saloon," stating:

This favorite resort on Second Street, next to the Orleans Hotel, is kept by John P. Brant and J. Hess, and is one of the best if not the very best in the city. Good liquors and very cold Ice and plenty of it in hot weather, together with Jack and Jo. always on hand with smiling faces and willing hands to accommodate customers. "The Galway Man" who fixes up the Chicken fixens is also "around," Epicures and lovers of the ardent will be sure to give this place a second call.

Which is just what the amiable editor no doubt was and did.

What a good time he is beginning to have! Poetry and the drama now claim his attention. As to the latter, it is declared that the "celebrated lady and talented actress," Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, is about to commence an engagement at the Forrest Theatre as Mariana in the play entitled "The Wife: a Tale of Mantua." Among her company are mentioned Messrs. Leman, Booth, Wilder and Damphres, together with "the Sacramento favorite, Miss Sophie Edwin." The genial "Ned" is not oblivious to feminine charms.<sup>15</sup>

Number Three opens with a lively verse by "Caliban" entitled "The Bold Vigilante Boys":

Come and hear me tell,  
Soldiers of the "peops":  
How Democracy fell,  
And in its grave now sleeps,  
(Chorus) It makes the "Stuffers" mad.  
It turns the "Demos" blue:  
We're the marshall lads  
And Vigilantes true!

And so on for three ringing stanzas, each followed by the chorus, shouted in unison. In the next issue Caliban becomes personal and sings of the editor's escapes, dealing particularly with the occasion when a *posse vigilantus* was sent out to overhaul a steamer on which the fugitive was vainly supposed to have stowed away:

In San Francisco town a Vigilance Committee,  
Composed of the "best and purest" in the city;  
Spent other people's cash; and made a great commotion,  
To catch "old Uncle Ned", they sailed on the ocean,  
Thirty of these "braves" — all Luncheaters, too,  
Were selected from among this "bold Vigilante Crew".  
To catch "old Uncle Ned";  
It was more than they could do,  
For he knew how to dodge,  
This assassinating crew.

<sup>15</sup> In this connection it is of interest to note that among Ned's correspondence, as unearthed by the Committee of Vigilance, was a glowing letter from the celebrated actress, Matilda Heron, known as "The American Rachel," dated at Paris, France, March 3, 1855, commencing: "Alone in my little parlor far away in this gay place I think of those who love me — and you are not forgotten."

(See Bancroft, op. cit. II. p. 265.)

Three more roisterous verses tell how these brave lads ransacked the little steamer — but failed to find their quarry — the final chorus impertinently closing with:

For he knew how to dodge,  
The awful "Hog's Eye" Crew.

This fourth issue — which is printed with broad black bands of mourning because of the death of Hugh C. Murray, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court<sup>16</sup> — is largely taken up with a diatribe against one J. Judson Ames, editor of the San Diego *Herald*, who during McGowan's flight had vigorously expressed his desire to see the redoubtable fellow strung up before "Fort Gunnybags." Advertisements in modest form now begin to appear, and Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is again announced, this time in Planche's then famous play "Ransom."

We must pass on, but cannot leave *The Phoenix* without mentioning a few of the choice epithets which McGowan hurls at his erstwhile persecutors. William Hayes, says he, is a villain of the darkest dye, "the Strangling law partner of Edward Stanly." William Belknap is characterized as "a mercantile scoundrel," while Sterling A. Hopkins, who is described as "born in infamy, and reared in vice," is declared to be the man who, "by the chance knife of Judge Terry, emerged from obscurity to find himself lauded as a martyr to the cause of liberty (Vigilanceism) by 'Slippery Slim'" — the last being McGowan's usual epithet in reference to Thomas S. King. C. W. Gillespie is spoken of as "that arch fiend and blood stained scoundrel and run away swindler"; J. H. Coghill is an "upstart pretender, who assumes through his possession of ill gotten wealth to take the first rank" in the Committee, and Barry and Patten, the well-known saloon keepers, who later wrote that interesting little volume entitled *Men and Memories of San Francisco in the Spring of '50*, are given the flattering title of "Wax Card Monte Sharpers." Humor now finds its place in this genial journal, the editor telling of a New York Dutchman who spoke of a drink in which he once had occasion to indulge as being so potent that "he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or [a] torchlight procession going down his throat."

Of certain brother journalists, who directed the then flourishing Marysville *Inquirer*, McGowan said (in his issue of September 27, 1857):

A friend of mine has shown us a copy of the *large* daily of the above name, which is printed in the "law and order" city of Marysville, and edited by an indi-

<sup>16</sup> "Felix" in the *Bulletin*, June 9, 1857, said of McGowan that "None bowed with more humility to his judgment than Hugh C. Murray — the most corrupt, venal and despicable wretch who ever disgraced a supreme bench, in any country, or in any age."

vidual by the name of Ball, or two brothers of that name. We can only say to this "pair of Balls" that we read the article in question about ourself, and which was no doubt intended as a slur on "our small weekly" and the motive which prompted us in printing such a paper. "We admit our sheet is small, and we are willing to let the public scrutinize us and judge our motive for printing it." We appear, however, to be pretty well appreciated in the City of Marysville, for from our first number we have had at least seventy-five patrons in that city, and we feel convinced, that if the Engineer will continue to *bawl* in a little louder strain against us, our subscription list will be increased in that city "ten fold".

The "Life of Slippery Slim" still engages our stalwart purifier's attention, and soon he turns to that of Gillespie and rattles a few long-closeted skeletons in a most tuneful manner. Advertisements of horse races, and "one dollar ambrotypes" now embellish the pages of the flourishing sheetlet, while the card of "M. T. O'Connor, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Proctor and Advocate in Admiralty," discloses that McGowan's efforts have begun to appeal to the professional reader. This "intellectual" trend is again seen, when, in the issue of November 15, we read the advertisement of "Sam'l Brannan's Bank," whose trustees include Volney E. Howard, Samuel J. Hensley and Eli Cook.

#### THE "UBIQUITOUS"

In all, twenty-five numbers of Ned's red hot little emissary of peace and good-will were published and circulated among those who then thirsted after enlightenment on the subject of Vigilance and Vigilantes, but in February, 1858, *The Phoenix* at last failed to rise from her fiery bed, and — whether to boost a waning circulation or not we can only surmise<sup>17</sup> — was succeeded by what proved to be, if anything, a more scandalous example of McGowan's reforming spirit — the *Ubiquitous*. In March its readers were regaled with the fascinating lives of Barry and Patten, and "our hero" (for to us he must for the moment attain such distinction) continued his attacks on the "Purest and Best" in fashion superb but unfortunately quite largely uncopyable in this more squeamish latter day.

One issue of the journal was confiscated by the police of San Francisco, who had been dealt with in generous and rather uncomplimentary style by the exasperated editor, and in his "Extra" complaining of this seizure the Judge cries "Another outrage in the city of

<sup>17</sup> Bancroft says of *The Phoenix*, "in wrathful decay it ulcerated and appeared under the name of the *Ubiquitous*" (op. cit. II, p. 259), while the *Daily Alta California*, in San Francisco remarked in February 28, 1858: "The *Ubiquitous*' — Since the attempt to suppress the *Phoenix*, its alias, under the new title of the '*Ubiquitous*,' has obtained considerable circulation in a clandestine manner. A large number have reached the city, through the Post Office, and by other means. One good result, however, has been brought about by the late attempt, which is, that the public crying of the paper is no longer heard in the streets and the Sabbath quiet is not disturbed by obscene and insulting shouts of vagrant boys. Long may our citizens enjoy the salutary change."



blood! Newsboy arrested and paper seized! Is there anything obscene in this paper? The freedom of the press tolerated by the stranglers in their strangling press only. The stranglers writhing, under a lash! Who says we are not getting even, more than even?"<sup>18</sup>

It was at about the time of *The Phoenix*' demise that the following letter, dated February 15, 1858, was written from Sacramento:

Ned McGowan and his gang committed an assault on Mr. John Center of San Francisco, last evening at the Forrest theatre. It seems a poor fool of an old man, who is called Judge Garland, took a benefit. A number of rowdies bought tickets, and as soon as the judge opened his mouth on the stage, commenced pelting him with rotten eggs, potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables. They would run him off the stage, then bring him back again to repeat the sport. This fun was kept up till it lost its novelty, when Ned McGowan rose in his seat, and declared that he saw among the audience one of the damned stranglers, a man who had carried a musket for the Vigilance. With this the lights were put out, a rush made for Center, who was knocked down and terribly beaten before he could make his escape. It is well to say here, that before this happened, the more respectable portion of the audience, becoming disgusted at the treatment of Garland, had left the house. So far as I know, no arrests have been made. How long will Ned McGowan and his crowd be allowed to abuse citizens? Where are the advocates of law and order now? Is a sound heard from them in condemnation of these outrages? In truth, do they not sympathize, aid, abet in this commission? Is it not the boast of McGowan that he has made money by assaulting the "damned stranglers", that his fines are always paid by his friends, and something handsome besides? I am no prophet, but I predict that there will be a rising of the people in the capital of the state, a vigilance committee if you will, that will sweep these scoundrels from the face of the earth, in less than a twelve-month.<sup>19</sup>

The next day (Feb. 15, 1858) the *Sacramento Bee*, under the heading "Cowardly Assault on a San Franciscan," declared that John Center was a "very estimable gentleman," who formerly owned a circus,<sup>20</sup> and who had once headed the Mission Plank Road in the Bay City. It was added that, though Center never bore arms for the Vigilance Committee, he would in future visits to Sacramento "be prepared for all emergencies." The game, said the editor, appeared to be to pick out isolated individuals and assault them.

Of course a great hue and cry was raised against Center's assailants, and our doughty Ned was duly arrested and charged with assault and battery.<sup>21</sup> At the trial, however, it appeared that he had operated only

<sup>18</sup> Bancroft, op. cit. II, 261.

<sup>19</sup> Quoted in Bancroft, op. cit. II. p. 619. See also the *Daily Alta California*, San Francisco, Feb. 16, 1858, and the *Sacramento Union*, Feb. 15, 1858, which contains a column article describing and condemning this assault.

<sup>20</sup> *California's Pioneer Circus*, San Francisco, 1926, Albert Dressler, editor, contains many letters from and to Center in connection with his foreclosure and later operation of Joseph A. Rowe's famous "Pioneer Circus."

<sup>21</sup> *Id.*, Letter of Joseph Sutton, addressed to "Friend Center" and dated "Ranch nr Sutterville, Sac Co. March 8th/1858" which reads in part:

"We have yesterday concluded an 3 weeks session of the Grand Jury and you will see that we have indicted your Law & Murder Friend Ned McGowan for the assault upon you also in our report we have condemned his paper published here So you of San Francisco may justly conclude you have a few sympathizers in Sacramento."

as yell leader, so to speak, urging on his henchmen by such innocent suggestions as "Here is a damned Vigilante," and the like. He was therefore acquitted, at which the *Daily Alta* of San Francisco remarked that "The day will come when this man will reap the just reward for his acts, and a short shrift will be awarded to him, when it is at hand, wherein to atone for his long catalogue of black crimes." One would almost suspect the *Alta* of being sympathetic to the Vigilantes.

And so the merry, merry work went on. At last, however, like all things mortal, the *Ubiquitous* also came to an end. Attacking a disbanded and non-existent committee — even of "stranglers" — became a bit tiresome, and the attacks themselves took on an increasing turpidity. Meanwhile, rumors of a great new El Dorado were afloat, and soon it seem to Ned that all California had embarked for Her Britannic Majesty's northern domain where the Fraser River was said to flow over sands of pure and solid gold. Here was new life, excitement, riches, power, and it was not long before our hero brought his journalistic endeavors to a brilliant close with a final illustrated edition containing a reprint of the "portraits" which had been used in both *The Phoenix* and the *Ubiquitous*, and sallied forth from peaceful Sacramento on a second search for argonautic fame.

#### SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN

Little did he reck what was before him! Little did he realize the commotion which his reappearance in San Francisco would stir up! Of course, he was a bit wary, particularly since, after the seizure of the offending *Ubiquitous*, he had been warned that the police of the Bay City were "laying for him" with intent to get good and even for his many taunts. He arranged to slip quietly down the river and go to the home of General Joseph C. Palmer, an old friend, there to await the Fraser River boat, but the cryptic telegram to the effect that "Your friend will be down to-night," sent by his erstwhile defender James W. Coffroth, was not delivered, and when the two arrived at the dock there were no friends waiting. Instead, a group of police pounced upon them and arrested the "sly fox" upon a hurriedly prepared charge of libel.

Shades of *The Phoenix*! Here was a pretty how-de-do! There was nothing to be done, however, but to submit quietly and proceed to the magistrate. Friends now appeared and bail was fixed, but when the party left the tribunal one Jim Bovee, a policeman, stepped up and in the presence of a number of other officers, tickled Ned's ribs with the muzzle of a derringer and before assistance could be had, pulled the trigger.

Fortunately for "our hero" the bullet found no flesh, but merely tore a hole through his overcoat and buried itself in a nearby wall. He rushed back to the magistrate and demanded if he was to be murdered in the very presence of the law, but the only forthcoming suggestion was an offer of protection by one Johnson with whom Ned now ruefully recalled having recently dealt rather severely in his journal. We will let him tell the rest of the story in his own way:

Johnson offered to give me protection by locking me up in one of the cells below; and further gave me the delightful information, if I ventured to leave the City Hall there were twenty men on the outside who would shoot me down. I suspected what Johnson was after, and I refused his offer. He had left but a few minutes when James F. Curtis, the Chief of Police, put in an appearance. He thought it was about time to move in the matter as a few of my friends were now gathering around me. He asked where I wanted to go. I replied, to the International Hotel on Jackson Street. He further said: "I do not like you, but I will give you protection". I replied: "it is mutual". We marched along the corridor to go down the stairway, all the Corsicans still on hand, except Bovee — Mart Reese and Jerry Sullivan (the newspaper man, since deceased) close along-side of me — Curtis, my protector(?) several yards away from me. I tried to take his arm, but he would not let me come near him. I told my friends not to keep so close to me for I expected to be shot going down the stairway, but they persisted in covering my person as well as they could. We arrived at the International. When I said, "To the International Hotel", I only wanted to deceive the City Hall mob. It was only on the way. We finally reached the Palmer Mansion, the crowd still following. I rapped at the door. A lady answered. She informed me that Mr. Palmer had gone out late in the afternoon with General John C. Fremont, I think she said, to San Jose. The whole thing was explained, the telegram of Coffroth had never reached its destination — John Middleton was president of that company!!! Here, then, was a new dilemma for me, and I hesitated what to do, but my friend Johnson, — the persistent detective — again came to the rescue. He informed me that if I went into the house the crowd would raze it to the ground, and offered to take me to his own house, and his wife would hide me away; but I remembered only a short time previous in the Ubiquitous I had given the aforesaid family of Johnson a turning over, and I could not accept his hospitality. As I do not believe the doctrine of "returning good for evil" — although a very good man preached it — what a donkey Johnson must have taken me to be. I now quietly said to Mart that I was about to jump away from the crowd. I took Chief Curtis to one side and commenced to talk to him about a favor I did for him once at the solicitation of my friend Tom Maguire — the Napoleon of theatrical managers on the Pacific Coast. This was only a ruse, however, and he began to berate me about the article in my paper. I told him that if he had been treated as I had been he would have probably done worse than I did — that it was my revenge, the only one I could command — and that revenge was "wild justice". At this point of the argument I jumped from the crowd, ran down to Meigg's wharf, followed by Mart Reese, and one of the brothers Tillman — I don't remember whether it was Tom or Fris. They were from good stock and gentlemen, and would stand by a friend in distress at any time. Poor fellows, they are both dead now — peace to their ashes. On I sped — under the wharf, out again toward Telegraph Hill — I never stopped, nor looked behind. I remembered the fate of Lot's wife fleeing from the burning city of Sodom. I had escaped. At last I fell down and hugged mother earth from sheer exhaustion.

My two friends kept me in sight all the time, and found me lying on the ground, enjoying a breathing spell. The enemy had abandoned the chase, and was not within striking distance. The spring from among them was so sudden, and the run so swift, they had no time for reflection, even if they had contemplated following me. Another thing: by this time at least one-half of the crowd was attracted to the scene by curiosity more than anything else. Chief James F. Curtis had a lot of his braves with him as a body guard. Not one of them, however, came to the front, except my generous and forgiving friend (?) Detective



Johnson. Mart was now examining my clothes to see where the bullet had gone out through the overcoat. He said "it was pretty close." I replied: "Yes, too close to be comfortable". He danced around and said: "They can't kill you". They then asked me what would be the next move. I suggested to them to go to Long Wharf, find a boatman, and go on board the United States revenue cutter Polk and inform Captain Pease how the "land lay." My brother, Captain John McGowan, in the early days of California, was captain of this vessel. For fear of a surprise, we then agreed on a signal, to be given when they returned. In less than an hour I heard the signal, and moved down toward the beach, where I was met by Reese (Tillman had remained on board the cutter) and Lieut. James Merryman, with a boat's crew in a small cutter. It will be remembered that this is the same officer that fired the salute the day of the release of Hon. David C. Terry, Judge of the Supreme Court. The Lieutenant is now promoted to Captain, and on detached service in New York with our old favorite, Com. Carlisle Patterson, now at the head of the Bureau of the Coast Survey and lighthouse duty, in Washington City. In a short time we were on board the Polk, where the Captain received me with open arms, and after "splicing the mainbrace" several times I was shown to a berth in the cabin, and, notwithstanding the stirring adventure of the night, I soon fell into a sound, untroubled sleep—for I knew that I was safely guarded by honorable and hospitable gentlemen, and under the protection of the stars and stripes.<sup>22</sup>

#### OFF FOR FRASER RIVER

Safe in the arms of Uncle Sam, there was no immediate fear of successful attack from the quarter of the city, but this could not last forever, and, anyway, the gold of Fraser River was waiting impatiently to be reclaimed by our brave argonaut. How to get there was the problem, for to return to San Francisco would have been suicide. Many heads were put together, and at last a scheme was hatched to run the gauntlet past the city and through the Golden Gate in a small boat and await the next northbound steamer out "beyond the heads."

Accordingly, one fine day, Ned, two friends and a boat's crew pulled off from the cutter, and, provided with an overflowing "hamper," set forth for fame and fortune. Landing just beyond what was then known as Horseshoe Bend, the wanderer and his two trusty companions made camp in a sheltered cove inhabited only by one "Horseshoe

<sup>22</sup> The *Argonaut*, May 11, 1878. The San Francisco *Daily Herald* for June 27, 1858, contains a letter from McGowan dealing with the affair and his escape. See also the *Daily Alta California*, June 26 and 28, 1858. Thomas S. King of the *Bulletin*, closed a long article entitled "Movements of the Notorious McGowan" by declaring that:

"It is mortifying to admit that so many of the Federal office-holders in this State, are sympathizers with and men of equally as vulnerable characters as McGowan. Yet it is so, and it behooves every good citizen to watch them closely, and discountenance them. They are now quiet through fear; but if ever the opportunity offers to plunder public or private property, they will not scruple to do it" (S. F. *Bulletin*, June 26, 1858).


Officer Bovee was arrested on a warrant for shooting Uncle Ned, and on preliminary examination was held to answer. He claimed that his gun went off accidentally while he was trying to ascertain who wrote a scathing article about his brother in the *Ubiquitous*, but the judge aptly declared that since he had just arrested McGowan and had him in custody he should have been attending to his duties rather than seeking these editorial secrets with the business end of his derringer. (*Daily Alta California*, June 29, 1858; July 4, 1858.)

Bill," a hermit, and posted a lookout for the *Pacific*, whose flag was to be flying at half-mast if our hero had "a dead thing to get away." The ship was delayed, however, and when, a few days later, a boat full of men was seen making for the beach, Ned and his valiant pair of

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defenders distributed themselves among the rocks prepared to withstand the expected attack. The climax of this comic opera came when the invaders waved a white handkerchief and disclosed themselves as Jim Coffroth and a few friends—with James Nuttman, then Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department, and a veteran of Stevenson's pioneer regiment, in command—come to pay our friends a visit and to replenish the larder of the "land forces."

Next day the steamer hove in sight, flag at half-mast, and in Horse-shoe Bill's boat they went to meet her. Ned threw his blankets aboard

and a moment later was waving a fervent *adios* to his trusty friends, and, as he says, "moving out of the heads on my way to her Britannic Majesty's dominion."<sup>23</sup> A basket of champagne, sent along by a friend, helped to enliven the voyage, and a seat at dinner beside Captain Haley was provided for our worthy, much to the disgust of a number of ex-vigilantes who were on board.

At last all was serene — for a time — for the adventure of the pirate cove was not destined to be the last act of Ned's *opera bouffe*. Arrived off Victoria the night before "the fourth" (1858), he felt an uncontrollable itch to twist the lion's tail, and accordingly marked his advent on Britannia's shores by touching off a salute of one hundred guns from the *Pacific's* two small cannon, which Ned had manned with a crew of gold-hunters, most of whom had just returned from Walker's disastrous filibustering jaunt to Nicaragua. The British were so greatly and naturally astounded by this unexpected bombardment that Her Majesty's Man-o'-War lying off the harbor glided into the bay, all hands prepared to defend the town from these audacious Yankees, and the Queen's representative, Governor Douglas, felt highly insulted, and as the Californians landed and pitched their tents on the beach he issued an order forbidding further salvos without express permission. How, indeed, could these brazen fellows dare thus to flap the eagle's wings under the lion's very nose?

But the end was not yet. Some weeks of inactivity awaiting a chance to reach the golden sands of the Fraser gave opportunity for visits to nearby Indians, while a number of violent altercations between the many ex-vigilantes and former "law and order" sympathizers encamped round about Victoria enlivened the days of waiting. The impatient miners appear to have blamed the Hudson's Bay Company for the fact that the waters of Fraser River did not sooner abate and allow them to seek the promised riches, but our worthy escaped the ruction for a while by sailing away to Whatcomb, Washington Territory, to visit his old friend David Campbell, who was then engaged in keeping a "drinking house" there, and who had sent over fifty dollars to help keep "Uncle Ned" going until he could pick up a few flakes of gold from the Fraser.

Here followed dinners with the Governor of the Territory, and a salute in honor of the brave McGowan by a number of "the boys" who had followed him in pre-vigilante days. But upon return from a boat trip to the mouth of the Snohomish, he found a letter from one Martin

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<sup>23</sup> Under the heading "Off at Last," the *Daily Alta* for June 30, 1858, tells of Ned's escapade at Horseshoe Bend, and his successful boarding of the *Pacific*.



Gallagher, an old friend, advising immediate embarkation for the Fraser River. A small boat was rigged and, with the aid of three or four companions, Point Roberts was passed and the "Straights of Georgia" at the Fraser's mouth were at last reached. Here a five dollar head tax was levied on all newcomers by her Majesty's valiant henchmen, amid much grumbling on the part of the Californians, who so soon forgot the iniquitous foreign miner head tax which California had so long exacted each month from the luckless Chinese and others whom the deputy sheriff tax collectors were able to discover in her mountain placers.

#### "MINING" ON THE FRASER

A steamer carrying Governor Douglas, who was bound for Fort Yale, up the river, offered an opportunity for passage. The steamer could go only as far as Fort Hope, but this was a goodly lift, and Fort Yale in the heart of the placers was then easily reached by means of a small boat. Fort Yale was a miniature 1849 San Francisco in those days, with gambling and drinking freely indulged in, but as all of Ned's companions, and that redoubtable personage himself, were flat broke on arrival, there was a certain temporary pessimism — until one Alec McCrellish, late of San Francisco, providentially appeared on the scene and passed around eight dollars out of the fifteen with which he was provided.

Cheered by this timely succor, the party turned in to celebrate, and no doubt joined the other Yanks at Yale in singing that once-famous "Miner's Song," one verse of which goes:

Far from home we miners roam,  
We feel its joys no more;  
These we have sold for shining gold  
On Frazer River's shore.<sup>24</sup>

A few days later, his share of the eight dollars being exhausted, our worthy joined a group to prospect on New York Bar and work a claim which a Nicaraguan colonel had presented to them. The first day, after working the "rocker" for all they were worth, the results were about ten cents worth of "dust," the party meanwhile having consumed at least two and a half dollars worth of "bad schnapps," in addition to the food which they had obtained on credit. "I pitched the rocker, picks, shovel, etc., into a deep cañon running past the claim," says McGowan, "and that finished the first day's work that I ever did in the mines."<sup>25</sup> And so far as can be learned, it was the last — on this claim — for the party returned disgusted to Fort Yale that very night.

<sup>24</sup> See Hutching's *California Magazine*, Sept., 1859 (Vol. IV, No. 3, p. 108) for the rest of this roisterous chant.

<sup>25</sup> The *Argonaut*, June 1, 1878.

However, he joined a group who were at work on a rather profitable claim on Hill's Bar, a bit down the river, and received a goodly share of their "washings," being provided with a fair stake when the winter set in and put an end to active mining. Winter left the miners with little to do save to patronize the many saloons which had been licensed by one Hicks the "Gold Commissioner," and it was not long before trouble was brewing. One day an Englishman was shot in an altercation with a Yankee barkeeper at Fort Yale. The local Justice of the Peace, one Whannel, decided upon action, and the result was a wild time in the Colony that soon involved our valiant hero and has gone down in history under the expansive title of "McGowan's War."

#### McGOWAN'S WAR

This comic opera struggle offered another opportunity for the bold display of our worthy's peculiar brand of genius. British historians of the Fraser excitement speak of the lawless American miners who had flooded the land, and of the particularly evil men of Hill's Bar, among whom was "that arch-renegade, Ned McGowan," also pleasantly styled "that notorious villain."<sup>26</sup> Thus has the memory of our genial Ned fallen upon evil days. In after years, however, in a series of reminiscent articles in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, McGowan told his side of the story in some detail, and before taking up the historian's view, we will briefly relate the tale as he himself told it.

Ned's version was, in brief, as follows: Unable to locate the man who had killed the Englishman in the bar-room squabble, Whannel, who had been in the Army in Australia, and who was puffed up with a great idea of his own prerogatives, took it upon himself to order the saloons of Fort Yale closed. It was winter, with little for the miners to do, and a great howl naturally went up, especially as another Crown officer had given licenses to the grog shops. Whannel then clapped the

<sup>26</sup> *The Early History of the Fraser River Mines*, Judge Frederic W. Howay, Victoria, B. C., 1926, p. xiv. During "McGowan's War" the newspapers of the infant colony discussed the inhabitants of Hill's Bar in no uncertain language. Thus, the *Victoria Gazette*, of Victoria, Vancouver Island, declared editorially on Jan. 11, 1859, that the bar was "from all accounts the headquarters of as desperate a gang of villains as ever went unhung." On the other hand, the local constable, one Hickson, wrote, in a letter published in the same journal on January 13, that he had lived on the bar since it was first worked, and that he could testify "to its being as orderly a locality as any in the mines. Gambling," he added, "has never been permitted there since Justice Perrier has been in office, and there is but one drinking saloon on the bar." Justice Perrier himself wrote in a letter dated January 20, and published on February 1, that he wouldn't trouble the editor with any notice of his editorial "had you not in the most bitter manner libeled the residents of Hill's Bar, which so far from being the 'Headquarters of as desperate a gang of villains as ever went unhung', is on the contrary the home of as peaceful a body of men as ever congregated together. I have lived on the bar since last May, and have never seen yet even a fist fight."

partner of the as-yet-unarrested slayer in jail and raised the bail to an outlandish and impossible sum, at the same time confiscating his property.

At this juncture, McGowan persuaded the Justice of the Peace at Hill's Bar, one Perrier, to write a letter to his brother justice protesting against such severity. The answer of Whannel was to clap the Hill's Bar constable who delivered the letter into jail on a charge of contempt of court. Moreover, he dealt out an *ex parte* judgment against a number of miners suspected of a mild anti-negro riot at a dance, and fined them \$200 each — though his jurisdiction covered only offenses punishable by a maximum fine of five pounds, or \$25. McGowan, representing the miners, then called on him and offered to pay fines to the legal amounts in each case, and also reminded the erratic Justice that an accused person was entitled to a fair trial, confronted by his accusers, to which Whannel's reply was — according to McGowan — “Ah, my fine fellow, that may be good law in California, but Jack is not as good as his master here.”<sup>27</sup>

McGowan then had his clients appear before Justice Perrier at Hill's Bar, plead guilty, and pay fines and costs. At this juncture occurred the bright idea that caused all the trouble, for Ned now suggested to the slow-witted Perrier that it would be a good plan to arrest Whannel for contempt in arresting the Hill's Bar constable. There being no constable to serve the warrant, Ned further suggested that Perrier deputize him and several of his followers to carry out the order.

No sooner said than done! And in a twinkling the party — armed to the teeth — was off for Fort Yale. Whannel was discovered in his court room and was duly arrested, and the group then turned to the jail, and when the Canadian jailer drew a pistol, McGowan exclaimed, “How dare you, sir, resist one of Her Majesty's officers in the discharge of a sworn duty?” The Canadian surrendered at once, and the constable and illegally held Americans were released. Whannel was thereupon taken before Justice Perrier. McGowan resigned his commission and then assisted in the “trial,” after which the ruffled Fort Yale magistrate was severely lectured by his Hill's Bar rival, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars. A friend, one Fifer, a former San Francisco Vigilante, put up the cash, and, as our hero relates, “The court and its friends then adjourned to Paddy Martin's ‘deadfall’ and put up the fifty dollars and costs for ‘drinks all round.’”

Whannel, however, did not take things so lightly. As soon as he

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<sup>27</sup> The *Argonaut*, June 1, 1878.



was safely back at Fort Yale he dispatched a courier to Governor Douglas, informing him that the River was in a state of insurrection, and that the American miners had taken forcible possession. The Governor, naturally disturbed, and not a little suspicious of these wild Yankees on general principles, at once chartered a steamer and sent the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Moody, with 125 soldiers and the Dominion Chief Justice, Hon. M. B. Begbie, to the scene of action. As the expedition encountered bad weather, it took it some time to arrive at its destination, but wild rumors were soon afloat as to its plans and intentions. Whannel was in his glory, and our valorous Ned was urged to fly, but he stuck to his guns and when the troops arrived at Fort Yale and Colonel Moody was about to dispatch a number of hearties to capture the insurrectionist, he sent word that he would appear when wanted, and was told to do so the next noon.

Prior to entering the courtroom, Ned gave Whannel's friend, Fifer, a thorough trouncing, and when he appeared before the tribunal, consisting of Judge Begbie, Colonel Moody and Justice Whannel, he apologized for this transgression and was fined five pounds and costs. The Judge then informed him that another, far more serious charge was pending against him — to-wit, the arrest of Justice Whannel, and taking possession of the jail and freeing the constable and others. We will let him tell his version of what followed in his own words:

I plead not guilty and asked the judge if he would hear evidence from the defense. He said the proceedings would not be *ex parte*, and that he would hear anything I had to offer in my defense. Justice Wannel (sic) took the stand, and gave a history of his arrest, trial, and fine for *contempt of court*. I observed that the Judge smiled several times as he gave in his evidence. I asked Wannel only a few questions — about the illegality of some of his official acts. He was surprised that any official act of his should be considered in that light. I could see by the manner of the Judge, however, that he coincided with my view of the matter, as far as the illegality was concerned. The jailer was then sworn. He detailed the facts as they had occurred, with a slight exaggeration of the amount of bravery he had exhibited in his resistance — drawing his pistol, etc. I did not cross-examine him, but admitted the facts as the witness had stated them. The Judge then asked me if I "wished to be bound over for trial." I replied: "Your Honor will remember that the court agreed to hear evidence for the defense." "Oh, yes, yes," said he, "go on." I had but one witness — Justice Perrier. After he had been sworn, I said, "Judge, you will be kind enough to tell His Honor whether or not I was sworn in by you as an officer in Her Majesty's service on that occasion, and whether or not I acted under your instructions?" He stated that I did nothing more than he instructed me to do (transcript from the docket and warrant put in evidence); "that I had acted with great moderation, and that the whole proceedings met with his entire approbation." He was about to state some of Justice Wannel's illegal acts, when the Judge stopped him and conferred for a few moments with Lieutenant Governor Moody, when both of them laughed. Judge Bigbee (sic) then turned to me, and, said: "A clever Yankee trick;" and added: "McGowan, you are discharged." There was great rejoicing over my discharge, and "music was in the air." We all went to Cassin's and took a drink — citizens and soldiers, who thought the "Yankees" a lot of good fellows. Perrier and Wannel were both dismissed from office, and Judge Cox, now in this

city (San Francisco) was appointed in Wannel's place. Cox is a man of intelligence, and he and I became warm friends — the more so because he had heard the horrible tales that were put in circulation about "McGouin," as they pronounced it. After the court adjourned Colonel Moody sent for me to get one of my narratives, which I presented to him.

Thus ended "McGowan's War," according to the central figure in that notable military achievement.

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Turning now to other sources of information anent this brave operation of Her Majesty's troops, the contemporary authority which has been most quoted concerning this least of Britain's wars is Commander R. C. Mayne, of the Royal Navy, and Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. He devotes considerable space to "McGowan's War" in his delightful volume entitled *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*, published in London in 1862.

It appears that Mayne was engaged in surveying the intricate waterways of the new El Dorado during 1858, and that as the cold weather approached winter quarters were taken up at Esquimalt harbor. The monotony of life was, however, soon disturbed by the rumor, which arrived on January 10, 1859, that an outbreak had occurred among the miners at Fort Yale. Colonel Moody, of the Royal Engineers, just arrived from England, started at once from Fort Langley for the scene of action with an army of twenty-five engineers, and Governor Douglas thought it best to reinforce this group, since Fort Yale, ninety miles up the Fraser, was the winter haven for a large number of the miners, and those from all the neighboring "bars" were wont there to spend their holidays. Among them, says Mayne, was Edward M'Gowan (sic) who in California had become "very notorious," and had been "honoured with the especial enmity of the 'Vigilance Committee' of San Francisco."

It is evident that Ned's reputation had preceded him, and that the authorities were nervous. Indeed, he was regarded as a sort of arch-desperado, Mayne declaring that he had "had the misfortune to kill several of his comrades in those little personal encounters one sees reported in the American newspapers under the head of 'shooting' or 'cutting affairs.'" The redoubtable officer of the "Queen's Navée" also declares that Ned was doomed to the gallows by the Vigilantes for killing a man in cold blood who knew too much of his antecedents, quite probably confusing our worthy hero with James P. Casey. He adds that the excuse was self-defense, and thinks that "there is little doubt that the view which the Vigilance Committee took of the matter was the correct one." And certainly,

That such a man as this was known to be at Hill's Bar, some two miles below Yale, where he had a very rich claim, and to have with him, and under his influence, a strong party of followers bold and lawless as himself, might well give the authorities serious concern.<sup>28</sup>

Accordingly, Governor Douglas determined that one Captain Prevost should succor the Colonel and his doughty engineers. A detachment of marines and bluejackets at once embarked under the lead of Lieutenant Gooch, and rushed feverishly up the river to "the scene of action."

Meanwhile, Colonel Moody and his braves had "pushed on to Yale" in the one steamer on the river, and the bluejackets were forced to take the canoes, while Mayne hastened up the stream to report the imminence of reinforcements to the advance party. Four half-breeds and five Indians manned the Lieutenant's paddles, and he pushed off with one white companion and an outfit consisting of "a blanket, frock and trowsers, a couple of rugs, two or three pipes, plenty of tobacco, tea, coffee, some meat and bread, a frying pan and a sauce pan." The steersman sang and the paddlers took up the chorus, and right merrily they breasted the mighty current of the Fraser. At Fort Hope the Colonel and Judge Begbie were overtaken, and Mayne was ordered to accompany them on to Fort Yale to act as messenger if the troops proved essential.

Off they started, bound for the insurrecto settlement. What a disappointment it must have been on arrival, however, when the miners assembled and cheered the Queen and her officers, Fort Yale presenting the "most peaceable aspect imaginable"! Indeed, the next day Colonel Moody "performed service" in the court house before a congregation of thirty or forty pious argonauts. After church the "revolt" was investigated, and we will let the Royal Geographer tell the tale:

<sup>28</sup> Of Ned on the Fraser, Bancroft later remarked (op. cit. I, pp. 647-8):

"There was Ned McGowan, judge, gambler, and shoulder-striker of San Francisco, and refugee of vigilance, who, having done as much wickedness as California was willing should go unrewarded, went to British Columbia, where we find him in the winter of 1858-9 still stirring disturbance among men at Hill Bar, two miles from Yale. There he planted himself upon a mining claim and gathered round him a crowd of reckless imitators, so that in January the government was obliged to send troops to restore order."

And our hero's old "friend" the San Francisco *Bulletin* remarked on February 28, 1859, that at "Ned McGowan's Colony" of Hill's Bar the "colonists" were mining on a large scale, and that:

"Ned is lord of the manor, and of the 'colony'. He entertains, on behalf of his subjects, all distinguished strangers, and these public hospitalities can no more be civilly declined by British officials than a public dinner given in the United States, (by the b'hoys) to a distinguished statesman — personal like or dislike of the host is not considered. McGowan on such occasions, drinks the Queen's health in champagne with high gusto."

(See below the account of the "pipe-of-peace collation" held in Ned's cabin at the conclusion of "Ned McGowan's War.")

At Hills Bar there was a resident magistrate, who was one of the miners, though superior to most of them in position and acquirements; and at Yale two others—one who was shortly afterwards proved guilty of some rascality and discharged; the other, an honest man enough, but altogether unfit, from temperament and social position, for the discharge of his duties. These three dignitaries were not upon the best terms with one another, and two of them claimed a certain case and prisoner as belonging each to his own district, and disputed the right of adjudicating upon them to such a degree that, one having possession of the culprit's body, and refusing to give it up to his colleague, the other went to the length of swearing in special constables to his aid, and removing the prisoner by force of arms to his jurisdiction at Hill's Bar. Among these special constables, and very possibly among the instigators of the squabble, Mr. Edward McGowan figured conspicuously; and it was the outraged magistrate's report, that this worthy had been prison-breaking in his district, that gave it to the authorities at Langley and Victoria so serious an aspect. However, upon investigating the matter, he was found to have acted, if with indiscreet zeal, yet not illegally, and no charge was preferred against him on that account. But the same afternoon, while Colonel Moody, representing the majesty of the law, was still at Yale, Mr. McGowan outraged it unmistakably by committing an unprovoked assault.<sup>29</sup> This, coupled with sundry other suspicious circumstances, caused Colonel Moody to think that McGowan's friends and admirers would, if provoked, break into serious insubordination; and he at once instructed me to drop down the river to Hope and Langley, and order up the Engineers, Marines and bluejackets left at those places.

With the utmost precaution the messenger glided past Hill's Bar, without even a lighted pipe to betray his presence, and by morning Her Majesty's armed forces from Fort Hope were arriving at Yale. Those from Langley took longer to muster at the scene of action, and before they arrived peace had been declared. Mayne, who hastened back to the battlefield by canoe describes the denouement as follows:

Mr. McGowan, after enjoying the sensation he had caused, paid the Commissioner a formal visit, and, after making a very gentlemanlike apology for the hasty blow which had disturbed the peace of British Columbia, and entering into an elaborate and, I believe, successful defense of his previous conduct in the squabble of the rival judges, committed himself frankly into the hands of justice. What could be done with such a frank, entertaining rascal? Justice herself could not press hardly for her dues in such a case. He was fined for the assault, exonerated from all previous misdemeanors, and next day, upon Hill's Bar being visited by Mr. Begbie (the Chief Justice) and myself, he conducted us over the diggings, washed some "dirt" to show us the process, and invited us to a collation in his hut, where we drank champagne with some twelve or fifteen of his Californian mining friends. And, whatever opinion the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco might entertain of these gentlemen, I, speaking as I found them, can only say that, all things considered, I have rarely lunched with a better-spoken, pleasanter party.<sup>30</sup> The word "miner" to many unacquainted with the gold-fields conveys an impression similar, perhaps, to that of "navvy." But among them may often be found men who, by birth and education, are well qualified to hold their own in the most civilized community of Europe. Here, for instance, I was

<sup>29</sup> In its editorial for Saturday, January 22, 1859, the *Victoria Gazette* told of receiving the news of Ned's assault on Fifer (or Phifer, as the editor would have it). "The notorious McGowan," said the editor, "is again before the public in his old character of a disturber of the peace," having "without provocation, slapped and spit into his (Phifer's) face." It is added that McGowan was said to be ready to give himself up to "a civil officer," but to be determined to resist the military. However, thought the editor, Colonel Moody was not likely to pay any attention to this threat; but would seize McGowan "at all risks."

<sup>30</sup> Ned's admonition to the miners to fraternize with the military was bearing fruit.



entertained in the hut of a man who — by virtue of his rascality, no doubt — had been selected to fill the office of judge among his fellows in California; while one of my neighbors had taken his degree at an American University, and may since, for ought I know, have edited a Greek play and been made a bishop.

Thus ended "McGowan's War," according to Commander (then Lieutenant) Mayne — and the bloodiest engagement was the champagne "collation" which terminated hostilities.<sup>31</sup> However, even Mayne, an eye-witness, was a bit inaccurate as to the legal difficulties which had been involved, and fortunately for the cause of veracious history there was published in 1926 a collection of hitherto unpublished documents entitled *The Early History of the Fraser River Mines*. This volume contains an extensive introduction by Judge Frederic W. Howay, of New Westminster, British Columbia, who collected and edited the documents themselves, and gives a clear and concise picture of exactly what happened when Ned McGowan drew Britannia's fire on the banks of the Fraser. From these documents, including the official reports of Chief Justice Begbie, it appears that Ned's account, above related, was essentially correct. Justice Whannel at Fort Yale had indeed outrageously overstepped his proper authority; had imprisoned the witness Adams under an enormous bail in a case in which Adams' partner was charged with murder, but had absconded; had arrested and imprisoned one Hickson, constable of Hill's Bar, when requested to give up another prisoner wanted by the Hill's Bar Justice, Perrier, as a witness in a case then being tried by him, and had quite generally acted in a fashion to be expected from one who was later proven to be an imposter, posing as an ex-officer of an Australian regiment, the Royal Victoria Yeomanry Corps, in which he had served for a time as a private<sup>32</sup> — and one who had formerly kept a "low liquor shop" at Shaw's Flat, California.<sup>33</sup>

On the other hand, Justice Perrier's conduct disclosed an apparently equal ignorance of law. Judge Begbie characterized both of these officials as being carried away with "the most unbounded ideas of the dignity of their offices and themselves."

Governor Douglas had as early as October, 1858, been warned by Mr. Hicks, the Gold Commissioner at Fort Yale, that McGowan was about to head an insurrection, the fact being that the Hill's Bar miners had piqued Hicks by sending the Governor a complaint as to the arbitrary acts of the Commissioner — for which acts, and others, he was later removed. In November Hicks was again writing of McGowan's

<sup>31</sup> For a detailed account of this "collation," see McGowan's reminiscent article in the *San Francisco Daily Evening Post*. July 13, 1878.

<sup>32</sup> Howay, *op. cit.* pp. 58-9, letter of Jas. H. Ross, Lt. Co. R. V. Y. C.

<sup>33</sup> *Id.* p. 22, letter of Richard Hicks, Gold Commissioner at Fort Yale.

party at Hill's Bar and of his own ineffectual efforts to confine that group to bar claims as against bank or flat claims above the bar. On November 6, the miners of Hill's Bar had angered Hicks by passing resolutions against him, and this no doubt gave the Governor considerable cause for worry.

Thus, when a letter from Justice Whannel dated December 31, 1858, was received at Victoria alleging that Foster, the murderer, was being concealed by the men of Hill's Bar (probably entirely incorrect); that among them was "that notorious villain, Edward McGowan"; that the latter had that day entered the town "at the head of a lawless band of ruffians" who had broken open the jail and released the prisoners and taken Whannel himself before Perrier upon a warrant from Perrier; that "this town and district are in a state bordering on anarchy," his own and the others citizens' lives being "in imminent peril," and that "an effective blow must be struck at once on the operations of these outlaws,"<sup>34</sup> it is small wonder that Douglas, the old Hudson's Bay Company factor now turned Civil Governor, should have been alarmed. Here was a fulminator of trouble from that turbulent south-land breaking out in insurrection and imprisoning the Queen's own officials in open defiance of the authorities. So off went the troops to quell the revolt.<sup>35</sup>

It was not long, however, before the responsible officials in the party saw that the difficulty was in reality a tempest in a teapot. While en route to Fort Yale, Judge Begbie wrote the Governor that "The accounts that we have heard since we left Langley have all been on the side of what may be called Mr. Ned McGowan's faction," adding, however, that of course no judgment or opinion could be reached until the complete story was heard. Perrier had come on from Fort Yale and related his side of the story, admitting error but pleading strong provocation.<sup>36</sup> At the same time, in his final report, Judge Begbie recalls that after seeing Whannel's letter he could not but agree with

<sup>34</sup> Howay, *Id.* p. 56, letter of P. B. Whannel.

<sup>35</sup> In an article dealing with these difficulties, the editor of the *Victoria Gazette*, Victoria, Vancouver Island, on January 8, 1859, reviewed the facts as brought down by passengers on the steamer *Santa Cruz* from Fort Langley, and tells of Whannel's prayer for troops. It was added that public meetings had been held at Fort Yale sustaining Whannel's course and denouncing "the gamblers" who, it is declared, make Hill's Bar their headquarters, and, under the leadership of "the notorious McGowan, are said to be ready to commit any outrage, no matter how atrocious." (This was copied in the *Puget Sound Herald*, Steilacoom, Washington Territory, Jan. 21, 1859.)

In an editorial published on January 11, the editor of this journal tells of the departure of the troops, and declares that he is "assured that the lawful authority of the land will be upheld."

<sup>36</sup> *Id.* p. 25, letter of Hon. Matt B. Begbie.

Colonel Moody that since McGowan was "very notorious" and the local official had requested aid, the military expedition had been warranted. Moreover, before starting out there had been a rumor that both Whannel and his constable had been murdered "by the mob."<sup>37</sup>

This final report of the Chief Justice, dated February 3, 1859, details the legal tangle between the justices, the imprisonment of Constable Hickson, the deputizing of McGowan and others to release him and arrest Whannel, and the arrest and fining of Whannel by Perrier for "contempt of court." The report goes on to relate that Perrier was suspended of his function the day after the Chief Justice's arrival. After church services "very well attended," it was announced that Colonel Moody and himself would go to Hill's Bar on the morrow to investigate the difficulties that had occurred. However, that very afternoon, the redoubtable Ned assaulted Dr. Fifer within one hundred yards of the sacred person of the Colonel, and the plans were changed and a formal hearing at Fort Yale was determined upon. Evidently "the Majesty of the Law" was insulted — according to what we have heard Mayne tell — and felt inclined to take the matter seriously, though how this proximity added to the heinousness of the offense is not explained. The Chief Justice continues:

Summonses were issued to McGowan to answer this assault and the assault on Capt. Whannel, and to Kelly [another ex-anti-vigilante and a friend of Ned] for the latter assault, returnable at Yale and with full legal notice. And on Wednesday (January 19, 1859) the hearing took place. On the summons for the assault of Fifer, McGowan pleaded guilty, expressed his regret and his intention to observe the laws strictly for the future — expression wch (sic) I was very glad to hear, as coming from a man reputed to be of a violent character, and made without any compulsion whatever, and in the presence of a large crowd of men over most of whom he exercises a very considerable influence, and therefore possessing much more weight with these bystanders than any words of mine.

The next matter then came to be examined into; and although irregular, I permitted the defendants to enter into what really was the gist of their case — viz., that they were acting by virtue of a warrant from a justice of the peace wch they were in fact precluded from questioning. Mr. Perrier was examined on this point; and on the whole Mr. Brew [another official, newly arrived] and I were of the opinion that no jury would have convicted on an indictment for the alleged misdemeanor in assaulting the Justice and forcing the gaol. It appeared, indeed, to me that if the matter had gone to trial, I should have been bound to direct an acquittal. With the concurrence of the Lieut. Governor (Col. Moody), therefore, Mr. Brew and myself directed the defendants to be dismissed.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>37</sup> *Id.* pp. 32-41.

<sup>38</sup> *Id.* pp. 36-7, Report of Judge Begbie to Governor Douglas.

See the San Francisco *Bulletin*, March 3, 1859, containing a letter from a correspondent at Fort Yale, dated at that point January 22, 1859, which paints the picture of Ned's trial in lurid colors. According to this writer, Judge Begbie, after McGowan's speech in his own defense "gravely said, 'You shall have justice, Mr. McGowan, here; justice, which, I fear, even after having heard your own story, you have not often met with.'" The "avowal of responsibility" by Perrier was, thought the writer, "a god-send to McGowan," who "was thereupon acquitted."

See also a letter entitled "The Hill's Bar Difficulties" in the *Victoria Gazette*

Alas, the worthy judge does not mention that last delightful episode — the champagne collation — the pipe-of-peace meet, if you will. Perhaps the Governor, old war-horse that he was, would not have approved. However, the jurist does thank his good fortune that Mr. Brew arrived at this time, since as he declares, his own time was just then "very much occupied in other multiplied investigations." Can we help but wonder if the champagne conference on Hill's Bar was perchance one of these?<sup>39</sup>

#### FAREWELL BRITANNIA

Little remains to relate of our hero's visit to Her Majesty's short-lived El Dorado. True, the celebration of Washington's Birthday by the explosion of one hundred charges of powder between two anvils, and a somewhat liberal indulgence in strong spirits on the part of the patriotic American miners led to the belief that another rising had started, but Mr. Brew, now "Chief Inspector of Police and Assistant Chief Gold Commissioner" of the colony, obtained from Ned the assurance that peace and order would be maintained "during the night," and particularly at a ball as to which Mr. Brew made the special request that "no pistols should be taken into the room."

Unfortunately, before the ball was over a Mr. Bagby called our amiable Ned "an old grey-headed scamp," at which Ned promptly broke a plate on Bagby's head, and that worthy retaliated by breaking another plate on Ned's head. The result was that peace and goodwill fled and the miners hastened out after their pistols. All was quieted, however, when Bagby challenged his opponent to a duel. Ned refused to fight on British soil, but suggested a pilgrimage across the

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for January 13, 1859, in which Hickson, the constable, details the matter insofar as he was involved, and declares that Kelly, rather than McGowan, handled the warrant for Whannel's arrest, and that Ned "merely acted the part of a spectator." The constable adds: "Thus, Mr. Editor, ended the great tempest in a teapot. I must mention that very likely the difficulty never would have occurred had it not been for Whannel's (sic) overbearing manner, which in general opinion, together with his want of legal knowledge, and gentlemanly deportment, totally unfit him for the office to which he has been appointed; he being more fit for constable than a magistrate."

<sup>39</sup> That the Judge was, in fact, present at McGowan's tea party, appears from a letter from ex-Justice Perrier dated at Hill's Bar, January 20, 1859, and printed in the *Victoria Gazette* for February 1, in which it is said that "Judge Begbie, Captain Brew, Dr. Mitchell, and some few other officers, visited the Bar to-day, and after examining ditches, flumes, (&c)., and also the modus operandi of obtaining the gold, retired to the cabin of Judge McGowan, & partook of a small collation. The Queen's health was drank, also that of their Excellencies Gov. Douglas and Lieut. Gov. Moody."

See also McGowan's own account of the party, in the *San Francisco Daily Evening Post*, July 13, 1878, wherein it appears that the Judge even went so far as to make a speech.



neighboring international boundary, and a settlement of the difficulty with rifles at forty paces. This row was later amicably settled, and a way was found to avert another duel between one Dolan, a friend of McGowan, and one Burus, a friend of Bagby, as to which Burus had suggested revolvers at thirty paces, advancing a pace each shot, and if there was no hit after six shots, the business to be finished with bowie knives.<sup>40</sup> What happy days those were! *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Ned had already sold his claim on Hill's Bar and removed to Fort Yale, Brew having on February 4 written that he suspected the Californian of spending his time there in drinking and gambling, adding: "I do not place much reliance on McGowan. I think he is a bad fellow who can only be restrained by fear."<sup>41</sup> Be that as it may, Ned soon left with his helpmate Dolan and one Banta for California, and it is related that as he passed through Victoria, about the middle of March, he showed with ill-concealed pride the sum of \$4,700 in gold dust, declaring it to be "pretty good for an old man of fifty."<sup>42</sup>

Mayne would have it that Ned killed a man in some drunken squabble and fled across the border, but the above tale of plate breaking, claim selling and open departure by way of Victoria is the correct one, though Ned himself later admitted that he "lay low" while awaiting passage from Victoria because of the unbridled enmity of one of the inhabitants of that city.

Farewell, then, to the auriferous sands of the Fraser. They have not failed in their promise, and the time spent in Britannia's domain has not been wholly lacking in interest. Now we must follow our aging hero back to other haunts and other adventures no less theatric.

#### ARIZONA

Times were hard in the California of 1859. Gone were boisterous days of a decade past. Mining was slow, and life in the Golden State had taken on an even tenor that met with little favor in the eyes of our turbulent hero. But there was Arizona, that romantic region so neglected both by the federal government and by that of New Mexico,

<sup>40</sup> *Id.* p. 85, letter of C. Brew to Colonel Moody, Feb. 26, 1859.

<sup>41</sup> *Id.* p. 86, letter of C. Brew to Colonel Moody, Feb. 4, 1859.

<sup>42</sup> *Id.* p. 87, note 54. At least, this is what a private letter, printed in the *Puget Sound Herald*, Steilacoom, Washington Territory, on March 18, 1859, declared. This letter added that McGowan was bound for Sonora to meet his son George who was declared "en route from Sonora as bearer of dispatches." The writer states that seeing is believing and that he actually saw Ned's "dust." In a reminiscent article, written many years later, McGowan declared that he did, in fact, hear from his son James that the latter was bound for Sonora with dispatches for the American Consul at Guaymas, and that he (Ned) thereupon sold his claim for \$500, dropped down the river to Victoria, and sailed for California on the Sardinian schooner *Giulietta* (San Francisco *Daily Evening Post*, July 13, 1878.)

to which it was still attached. The Gadsden Purchase had given us a large area rumored to be rich in silver and gold, including the little village of Tucson, erstwhile Mexican border outpost against marauding Apaches.

To Tucson, therefore, journeyed our friend McGowan. Not, however, until he had munified himself with the Cypher of the Roman Catholic Bishop of San Francisco. Poor churchman though he may have been, Ned ever recognized the value of such aid, and on arrival in the newly purchased territory he frankly admitted that he could probably never have reached his goal without this timely assistance. He also carried, and was not loath to disclose, a letter from James Buchanan recommending him as a most worthy gentleman and a former prominent member of the Pennsylvania Assembly.<sup>43</sup>

One had to eat, however, even in Tucson, and now Ned's early training as a printer stood him in good stead, for we soon find him setting type for the infant *Arizonian*, journal of the rapidly growing mining region. A San Francisco daily remarked at the time that he was "also practicing law and drinking whiskey," both of which allegations may doubtless be admitted without argument.<sup>44</sup> At any rate, he was making new friends, and "digging in" for further adventures, it being confidently reported that he was now so high in favor at Washington that he would be made the United States District Judge for the province.<sup>45</sup>

Congress, however, failed to recognize Arizona. The Civil War was imminent, and a new slave territory was not looked upon with favor, it being known that the sentiment in the new section was strongly southern in trend. Forgotten both by Washington and Santa Fe, the inhabitants of the Gadsden Purchase resolved, therefore, to take the bull by the horns and act on their own initiative. With Ned as one of the chief instigators, a convention was called for the purpose of formulating a Constitution for the "State of Arizona." Thirty-one delegates met in Tucson on April 2-5, 1860, and solemnly adopted such a constitution and set up a governor with power to appoint the necessary state officials to govern the territory until Congress should act.<sup>46</sup> Our hero, never backward at such a time, drew one of the three district judge-

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<sup>43</sup> *Daily Alta California*, Jan. 27, 1860. In a reminiscent article published in 1878, he states that he first went to Guaymas, Sonora, on the Sardinian schooner *Giulietta* — the same on which he had come to California from British Columbia. While in California he gave San Francisco a wide berth, staying in San Rafael with one Hughes, who kept a hotel there.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>46</sup> H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 507.

ships of the embryonic government, and went to work with old-time vigor.

Sylvester Mowry, former army officer and potent silver miner, was named Arizona's delegate to Congress, but in November a successor was elected, and — wonder of wonders — it turned out to be none other than the militant and again politically powerful McGowan.<sup>47</sup> He proceeded at once to Washington, from which point the correspondent of the *Daily Alta* wrote in December:

Ned McGowan, whom, perhaps, some will remember as a former resident of San Francisco, arrived day before yesterday, accredited as the duly elected delegate to represent Arizona in the Lower House of Congress. Time and trouble seem to have dealt gently with him, for I can observe no physical change in his appearance now and when he flourished beneath the historical white hat in the streets of San Francisco. Whatever opinion may be entertained about the ubiquitous Edward, it must be confessed that his career has been a most eventful one, and this last phase, in which he turns up as a territorial Delegate to Congress, adds not a little to its singularity.<sup>48</sup>

Ned was now in his glory, though officially unrecognized by the federal government. But his triumph was shortlived, for naught mattered now at the national capital save slavery and secession. It has been said that McGowan was armed with instructions to apply for admission to the Southern Congress, should secession be effected, but Bancroft declared that "he had no proof of that," and that he "found no definite record of the convention which resolved on secession." At any rate, in 1861, Granville H. Ouray was made Arizona's delegate to the Southern Congress,<sup>49</sup> while Ned dropped from the scene only to turn up later in an adventure the bold daring of which made him for a time a hero of the Confederacy.

#### IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE

"Uncle Ned" was now beyond the age of ordinary military service, but the promised excitement of the coming struggle lured him on, and with Ouray and Phil Herbert, he organized the famous Arizona Battalion of the Confederate Army. Years later Colonel Tom Ochiltree wrote of this interesting predecessor of the Rough Rider Regiment:

This was probably one of the most marvelous commands ever got together. It was made up of experienced and desperate men — men who had lived on the frontier for years and to whom six-shooters, bowie-knives and personal encounters were every-day occurrences. There was probably not a man in the entire battalion who had not killed half a dozen men or more, the record of whose death

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<sup>47</sup> Bancroft, op. cit. 507; Farish, Thomas E., *History of Arizona*, I, 326. Farish erroneously states, however, that McGowan "did not go to Washington, nor ask Congress to allow him to participate in National affairs."

<sup>48</sup> Bancroft, op. cit. p. 511, note 32.

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*

was simply a notch on the handle of the knife or the butt of the pistol with whose assistance the deed had been accomplished.<sup>50</sup>

Later we find Ned engaged in the pastime of driving cattle for the Rebels from Texas to Louisiana and Mississippi.<sup>51</sup> As time wore on, however, this job evidently wore out, and Ned again entered the service as a purser in the secessionist navy. He donned the grey uniform and stepped on board the good ship *Diana*, and though his active service as a naval officer was brief, it was as wildly exciting as even McGowan could have wished. To the little gunboat was given the duty of defending for the Confederacy the navigation of Bayou Teche, and in the bloody battle of Camp Bisland, which followed, Ned distinguished himself as the real leader of the defense against a fierce onslaught by Federal gunboats. It was a case of one against many, and soon forty of the eighty defenders were dead. Colonel Ochiltree was sent as a messenger to the ship, and later said: "The boat was absolutely riddled with shell and shot. The boiler had been smashed, and the escaping steam mingled with the smoke of battle. But above all was heard the voice of Ed McGowan calling upon his men to continue the fight."<sup>52</sup>

At last, the Confederate land forces having been defeated, the gallant band on board the tiny *Diana* blew her up in the middle of the channel and made for the shore, only to find themselves hemmed in and taken prisoners by the Yanks. Thus ended Ned's three days of exceedingly "active" service in the Rebel navy.

The prisoners were haled before their captors, given a few days' confinement near New Orleans, and a short time later the officers, including Ned, were placed aboard the steamer *Catawba* (some accounts say it was the *Maple Leaf*) bound for Fortress Monroe. Of our hero the New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Tribune* wrote:

Judge Edward McGowan, of California Vigilance Committee renown, is too well and extensively known to need any lengthy description at my hands. He is a man of great decision of character. He dislikes New England, and of course is not an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Greeley. The winecup has its delight for him and he is what many would call a "hail fellow well met." He has one son in each army, but his wife and three children reside in Philadelphia. He is 52 years of age, and with his silvery locks, grey moustache and beard, he presents quite a patriarchal appearance.<sup>53</sup>

<sup>50</sup> San Francisco *Examiner*, Oct. 7, 1888. Ochiltree, hurrying to San Antonio, Texas, for reinforcements for General Sibley's hard pressed confederates at Santa Fe, met McGowan, Ouray and Herbert driving madly westward through the heart of the Apache country in a lone stage coach en route to organize the Arizona battalion.

<sup>51</sup> *Daily Alta California*, July 18, 1863.

<sup>52</sup> San Francisco *Examiner*, Oct. 7, 1888.

<sup>53</sup> Reprinted in the *Daily Alta California*, July 18, 1863.



But the end was not yet. Ned may have been patriarchal in appearance, but his spirit was still youthful and venturesome. The ship had hardly rounded the tip of Florida when he conceived a scheme the dramatic success of which made him a hero of the South. It was none other than to capture the steamer and run her into Nassau as a Confederate prize.

Daring as was this proposal, its carrying out was even more so. The Confederate officers, under Ned's leadership, rose at the psychological moment, seized the vessel, made its crew prisoners, and then found to their consternation that she had too little coal aboard to make their destination. But, in addition to our bravo, this group included, the son of the famous Captain Semmes of the *Alabama* ("Notorious Pirate" to the North but in Dixie worshipped as the great naval hero of the war), and Captain Fuller of Southwestern border fame. Nothing daunted by the scarcity of fuel, these three turned the steamer's prow toward the shore and beached the vessel near the Cape Henry light, all but twenty-seven of the ninety prisoners making their desperate way across country and escaping to Richmond, after paroling the guard no more to bear arms against the Confederacy.<sup>54</sup> This daring escapade made Ned a hero overnight, and years later Colonel Ochiltree declared that "this was probably one of the most thrilling and remarkable experiences of the entire war."<sup>55</sup>

Active service was now over for our friend McGowan. He had had his fling, and brief though it was the tale of his exploits had made his name again a byword throughout the land. It was his last bold adventure — worthy, indeed, of the ubiquitous Ned.

#### THE LATTER YEARS

The war over, Ned sought new worlds to conquer, for though the years were leaving their mark upon him he bore up lightly. But he found the times changed. No longer were the frontier states the easy prey of roving adventurers. Life had taken on an even tenor which prevented the capture of public office by the methods which had proven so successful in the San Francisco of the early fifties. Slim, indeed, were the pickings of the "ballot-box stuffers" of yesteryear.

But our hero's friends would not sit by and see the old man starve. There was "Grant" Ouray, Ned's erstwhile comrade in the Arizona

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<sup>54</sup> *Daily Alta California*, July 13, 1863. The title of the account published in San Francisco was "Ned McGowan Redivivus—Heads the conspiracy of Rebel Officers," while the paper's St. Louis correspondent concluded his tale by declaring that "doubtless the gang of fugitives have ere this reached Richmond, where McGowan has told more lies and made himself a Southern hero."

<sup>55</sup> *San Francisco Examiner*, Oct. 7, 1888.

Battalion, now Representative of that Territory in Congress. He would see to it that the aging adventurer was provided for.

And so we find our doughty Ned safe at last in a calm haven after so many stormy buffetings. Hovering, as always, just on the outskirts of glory, his back a bit bent and his hoary patriarchal mustachios gleaming in the official twilight of the Capitol, he watches the non-adventurous years fly by at his post of repose — "Assistant Door-keeper of the House of Representatives." There old friends accost him, speaking of the elder days, while younger eyes gaze curiously at this relic of a departed era. Thus the years pass.

At last, however, even this post failed, and the close of the "seventies" found the old man again westward bound. He dabbled a bit once more in his earlier profession of journalism, and wrote reminiscences of former days and men for the San Francisco *Argonaut*<sup>56</sup> and the San Francisco *Post*.<sup>57</sup> Caustic as ever regarding "the mob" of 1856, he told again the "Law and Order" side of the struggle.

But even this effort failed to provide bread for long, and early in the "eighties" we find our worthy in a more dramatic attempt to recoup his fortunes through a suit for libel against Hubert Howe Bancroft, for the historian of California had not dealt lightly with our friend in his tale of the wild, adventurous years of San Francisco's childhood. But 'twas of no avail, and soon the erstwhile judge was penniless again.

That during this period Ned found himself in his old haunts in Arizona we know from the following letter recently received from Hon. Wm. J. Hunsaker of Los Angeles:

I came in contact with McGowan under peculiar and rather dramatic circumstances. In the latter part of February, 1881, Luke Short was the dealer in a faro game conducted by one Rickabaugh in the Oriental Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona. While seated at his table Charles Storms, known as "French Charlie," attempted to shoot Short, but Short was too quick for him and "got there first," killing Storms. I defended Short on the preliminary examination. McGowan, who was the "lookout", was a witness for Short. He was of prepossessing appearance, probably 5 ft. 7 inches in height, weighing not over 160, had clear blue eyes, his hair, chin beard and mustache were white.

"Lookout" in a faro game in a boisterous and turbulent mining camp! Perhaps times had not changed so much after all.

Old friends there were — a few — and they did what they could for "Uncle Ned." No longer the swashbuckler, but kindly and calm in his age, he coolly awaited the inevitable end in his former haunts, and a contemporary wrote:

He was a very quiet, gentle old man during these years. He liked to talk of the days when he was a fine fellow in San Francisco, with a wink for every pretty woman and a knife for every enemy. But he knew that the time of knives and promiscuous winks was gone. He never complained, but took the poverty and

<sup>56</sup> See issues for May 4 to July 1, 1878.

<sup>57</sup> See Saturday issues July 6, 1878, to April 19, 1879.

hard luck of old age without a whimper. That is the sort of a chap a man had to be who was a bravo in San Francisco of 1849.<sup>58</sup>

Swiftly now time was drawing its veil over the asperities of the "fifties." Old sores were healed and old hatreds were forgotten. No longer was San Francisco the scene of civil strife; no more did "the ubiquitous Ned" fear the weather end of a derringer, nor call for vengeance on "the mob." As the summer of 1893 rolled around he lay dying in his bare room at the Commercial Hotel, whose proprietor, one Holland, had offered him asylum. And they called in a priest for him, for in the presence of age he had found a certain solace in piety after the turbulence of earlier years. Few were left of all his erstwhile friends as he lay touched by the hand of death where once men wearing the badge of the "all seeing eye" had sought in vain for him. What more fitting, as we draw the final curtain, than to record how William T. Coleman, once head of the great committee, sent him twenty dollars to cover the last brief care he was to need in life?<sup>59</sup> On December 8, 1893, he died in St. Mary's Hospital.

*Pobrecito!* He left no estate, and the Potters' Field loomed for his body, when one John E. McGowan, a New York attorney, who had met Ned years before and who happened to be in San Francisco, came to the rescue and gave some fifty dollars to pay for a decent burial — and this after his only relative, a naval officer, had refused to be of aid. On December 11 he was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery, after a cheerless service in the almost deserted church of St. Francis. A handful of old-time friends followed his bier, and a pillow of white roses from Edward Holland, of the Commercial Hotel, was lowered over the grave.<sup>60</sup>

So passed a real soldier of fortune. A true product of his times, he long outlived the age of his adventures, and for many years he trod alone "a banquet hall deserted." Death and the relentless hand of time had beckoned his earlier friends. Lonely, forlorn in his age, he was for long a living relic of a shadowy past.

Now he was gone — saved from the Potters' Field by the chance presence of an almost total stranger. Wild and adventurous though the journey, now all is calm. Ned, genial fellow, we salute you. Your like will seldom appear on this hum-drum sphere. May you rest in peace.

CARL I. WHEAT.

<sup>58</sup> San Francisco *Examiner*, June 4, 1893.

<sup>59</sup> San Francisco *Call*, Dec. 9, 1893.

<sup>60</sup> San Francisco *Call*, Dec. 12, 1893. These friends were ex-Senator Tim McCarthy, Martin Fennell, John Duane, Michale Macgher, T. J. L. Smiley, John O'Brien, Frank Merritt and M. H. Kelley.

## A FRENCHMAN IN THE GOLD RUSH

(Translated from the Journal of Ernest de Massey)\*

## PART VI

[Continued]

[SAN FRANCISCO, 1850-51]

After taking leave of our hosts we wended our way toward Mission Dolores, arriving there an hour later. Here Mr. Blanchard left me and went on to San Francisco. We had heard rumors on the road that another extensive fire had destroyed the commercial section of the city, but we had no details of the disaster.

For this reason I stopped at the Mission where Elior de Grivel and his cousin have been staying since the Hotel des Deux Mondes was reduced to ashes and the fourteen hundred dollars they had invested in it had vanished. I found my two friends there busily engaged in gardening and stoically accepting the losses they had just suffered.

The San Francisco I found upon my arrival had already been partially rebuilt and was ripe for a new conflagration. Doctor Briot has placed at my disposal the shack he put together out of odds and ends of lumber some six months ago, which is on the outskirts of the city.

So this was where I made my headquarters. And here hundreds of white rats and millions of fleas in the sands near my shack kept me company in my tiny box-like residence just nine meters square. Outside, the shack was made of rough boards; within it was arranged like a ship's cabin with three bunks one above the other. A box served for a seat, a plank for a table, and a hole covered with glass for a window. On the floor was a layer of fine sand—the camping-ground of a colony of fleas which hopped around looking for a chance to make a good meal off me.

Despite my caution I supplied them with sustenance all evening, though I slaughtered enough of the creatures to fill a large graveyard. And by the time I was ready to retire my legs were literally covered with these blood-thirsty insects. So throwing myself down on the highest bunk I took a small bottle of alcohol and, letting my legs dangle over the sides, I rubbed them together rapidly, put on alcohol, and so got rid of all these inconvenient parasites. This was the price of sleep. But the next day I had to repeat the same performance.

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\* This is the fifth and last installment of De Massey's Journal. The translation is by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur.



The evening I arrived the *Grétye*, a ship from Hâvre, came into port. On board was our third shipment of merchandise. As Veron has resources he ought to be able to help get them out and help pay the customs and the freight. He prefers, however, to spend his time and money for the benefit of Mr. Lamolère, although he derives no benefit from that connection.

So I am obliged to look after our mutual business by myself. In order to release even a small part of the goods I had to get a consignee who was willing to take charge of releasing and selling them for our company. Since the French houses have suffered severely from the fire and their financial standing has been weakened I went to an American firm, Starkweather, McClenchat & Co. Despite their long name I think that our affairs will be well-handled.

The goods from our first two shipments have been in the customs so long that they will have to be sold at once. Had there been no fire we would have considered it a lucky speculation.

In the mornings I breakfast, or rather have a bite to eat such as bread or a biscuit, then I leave to go out and transact my business which is handled either on a commission basis, or by outright purchase. Frequently I succeed; at other times I come back empty-handed.

One of my first experiences was so strange that it is worth relating; it will show you what strange businesses I have been in in California. One day I was hurrying across the lowlands near my shack when I discovered a case of eggs that had just been unloaded from Mexico. Nearby was its owner, so I began to bargain with him intending to buy them. His price was reasonable and considerably lower than what we pay at the stores.

As the strain was too much for my purse I suggested that he dispose of half to a Mr. Delafond, an associate of Mr. Covillard, who runs a restaurant. We made a low price to him on a lot of three dozen which were damaged, and a dozen that were good. His price for the perfect eggs was one franc twenty-five centimes. We purchased fifteen hundred dozen for five hundred and thirty-five francs.

In order not to lose any time in disposing of such perishable merchandise we began to work at once. We plunged our eggs in buckets of water, those that came to the surface being put aside and the others washed. Any that showed defects were discarded. Then we left them out in the sun to dry.

For a week I was an egg-merchant. Eggs being worth around sixty cents a dozen I sold mine for one franc eighty, two francs fifty, and three francs seventy-five, as I had a chance to dispose of them, and

could find a responsible purchaser. Within eight days I had my principal back and four hundred francs profit.

This little stroke of business compensated for the failure of the cider-making proposition at San Juan that had looked so promising. The cider had reached San Francisco but, a few days after, cholera broke out. For this reason it was difficult to find consumers who would pay five francs a bottle for it. Neither would anyone store it for me at a reasonable figure. So it was left out on the public wharf in the open air where it soon fermented, as I had been unable to buy any kegs. The freight came out of the pocket of Mr. Dupont, the manufacturer lost the time he had spent in making the cider, the proprietor lost his apples and about fifteen hundred francs he had spent in the experiment, and all that was left out of the business was a few sticks of wood that had been used in making a crude press. It was a complete fiasco.

In due justice to everyone concerned I must say that the cider spoiled because the apples were too ripe. Although I had been fortunate enough to find someone to make it it was quite another thing to find market for it in San Francisco.

October 26, 1850. For the last ten days Ernest de Grivel has been ill with a bad case of typhoid fever; he is not as yet out of danger. His cousin, Elior, has put him in a sanitarium where he can get the care he needs. He came to see me and I have sent him a letter which the consul asked me to deliver.

Adolphe de Finance is spending two days here; in spite of his poor health he made quite a success at the mines and cleared three thousand francs profit. He suffers constantly and left the mines as soon as warm weather was over; he intends to return to France when he is able to stand the voyage. This, I think, is a mistake, and a doubtful way to cure a chronic illness. Moreover, if he has no business at home how can he support his growing family, particularly his two daughters?

On Tuesday, October 29, 1850, a great celebration was held in honor of the admission of California as one of the states of the American Union. For the past fifteen days the papers have been full of announcements and notices and the walls have been plastered with enormous posters.

No effort has been spared to make it a success and two thousand persons have subscribed for the dinner and ball at one hundred francs each. At sunrise the cannon was fired off, and the celebration inaugurated. Shouts and noises were heard from every quarter of the city, interspersed with shots from guns and pistols. While this was going on the various organizations assembled, banners in hand, and formed a large procession which was to parade the streets.

At ten that morning the parade started. In it were groups of pioneers, Freemasons, and many other fraternities, each wearing their own insignia and walking in groups. There were also groups of Chinese, sailors, firemen, soldiers, ministers, and the officials of the city. At regular intervals marched bands of musicians.

The parade was long and colorful. At the end came a colossal chariot drawn by six horses. On it sat thirty children dressed in blue trousers with belts and shirts of white wool, carrying shields or escutcheons, signifying the thirty states of the Union. All wore liberty bonnets—not, however, as a sign of such liberty and lawlessness as we find out here.

In their midst sat a pretty and rather delicate little girl about six years old.<sup>35</sup> This was California, their youngest adopted sister, whom they surrounded with care, attentions, and adulation. Hurrahs by the thousand greeted this ingenious allegory as it passed the spectators. By nature the Americans are very impressionable. Anything that strikes their imaginations and makes their hearts flutter is translated into noisy manifestation.

The fire-engines were also there, shining, powerful, and impressive-looking machines, decked with flowers and streamers and drawn by four horses. A typographical press that was being operated also passed, mounted on a float. From it printed literature was distributed to the multitudes, including a song, composed for the occasion, that was to be sung in the main plaza when the orator's speech and the Marseillaise were over.<sup>36</sup>

All this time the Chinese were firing off pinwheels and crackers; these inventors of gunpowder are fond of celebrations, although fire-crackers are not only noisy but extremely dangerous in a city built of dry wood where one lone spark could readily start a large fire.

Toward evening, as everyone was getting hungry and tired, the noise lessened considerably, but inside the houses where large and small

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<sup>35</sup> This float is the subject of a famous painting. The little girl was Mary Eliza Davis, a granddaughter of the pioneer, George C. Yount. She was born in San Francisco in 1845, became the wife of Dr. George J. Bucknall, and is still living in her native city. She is San Francisco's first Anglo-Saxon child and an honored member of this Society.

<sup>36</sup> This ode was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Bonney Wills, a lady of old New England family who came to San Francisco in 1850. One of the original copies of the ode, printed for distribution at this Admission Day celebration, was given to the California Historical Society by the author's daughter, Mrs. Marianna A. Wills, together with the jewelled brooch bestowed upon her mother by the Common Council in token of their appreciation of the ode.

Mrs. E. M. B. Wills established and conducted in San Francisco a fashionable school for young ladies with which her daughter was later associated. Mrs. Marianna Wills was a member of this Society when she passed away in San Francisco, in November, 1925.

dinner parties had collected the merriment continued. In the evening there was a display of fire-works, the day ending with a ball.

It was a gala-day for many, but, after all, what did it all amount to? Personally I went on my way as usual and dined as I always do. After watching for a time this extraordinary spectacle, at nine in the evening I returned quietly to my palace of fleas, my present residence.

But all bright days have their dark side; scarcely any public gatherings are held that are not darkened by some calamity. It was by one of the saddest catastrophes you can imagine that the gay and joyful day was terminated. Just as the daily boat that plies between San Francisco and Stockton left the wharf loaded with passengers who had come to see the celebration, her boiler exploded, and the crew and passengers were blown into the sea. As everyone was attending the fête there were only a few persons near there to rescue them. After some time forty dead and as many injured were taken from the water.<sup>37</sup>

The latter were rushed immediately to the hospital and given first aid treatment. There they were made as comfortable as possible and left, while the crowd returned to watch the celebration. But at two o'clock that morning fire broke out in the hospital, which was built entirely of wood and, in less than half an hour, the building was in ashes. All those who had escaped drowning perished. What could be more tragic!<sup>38</sup>

And yet this nocturnal tragedy passed almost unnoticed. The violins continued to play, the singers to sing, and the strident voices of the croupiers to repeat their monotonous refrain, "Place your bets, gentlemen, place your bets."

The next morning the city was quiet once more. The papers carried a detailed and enthusiastic account of the evening's celebration and only briefly mentioned down in one corner the sad accident, concluding by saying, "They had five times their normal load and everyone would

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<sup>37</sup> The Marysville *Herald*, Friday, November 1, 1850:

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SAN FRANCISCO

The boilers of the Steamer Sagamore exploded on Tuesday afternoon at about five o'clock, as she was leaving Central Wharf. The explosion was tremendous, leaving her a complete wreck. The Sagamore was running on the Stockton route. There were a large number of passengers on board, including several females. It is estimated that there was a loss of nearly fifty lives, though it cannot be exactly ascertained, as the passengers had not yet purchased their tickets and there was, consequently, no register of the names or of the number of persons on board. Many of the survivors are very badly injured.

We believe this is the first steamboat explosion that has occurred in California.

<sup>38</sup> The City Hospital, owned by Dr. Peter Smith, was situated at the head of Clay Street. Some of the patients were severely burned, but it is reported that there were no lives lost.



profit by their experience for in such a new country each day brings its quota of extraordinary calamities."

As I have already mentioned, I have been taking my meals with a Mr. Covillard. Since he is an unusual type I shall point out some of his characteristics. First of all he is a native of Lyons. In his youth he was apprenticed as a silk-weaver but he was so intelligent and had so much artistic ability that, by the time he was thirty, he was making his own silks and growing wealthy.

Under the régime of Louis Philippe he succumbed to that bane of all silk-weavers — socialism — and became an ardent member of the brotherhood. He had hoped, in building up his business, to base it on the workingman's platform. But the artist in him gained supremacy and his socialism suffered.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out he was forced to liquidate his business. As his relatives and friends gave him no assistance he was ruined. Without growing discouraged he saved what he could from the wreck, left his wife and two children in France, and went to California by way of Panama. On the boat he met Mr. Dillon who was going out to take over the consulate. With his polished manners, his social graces, and his ability as a conversationalist, he attracted attention and aroused interest.

After arriving in San Francisco he opened a restaurant with the remnants of his fortune and took in two partners although he knew nothing about them. Their business was prospering when a strange miner walked in one evening — he was an accomplice of his partner — and stole several cases of wine, an important asset to this business. The police were notified, and when I was going in for my evening meal I found the establishment in a turmoil.

Covillard, innocent as though he was, was very much excited and told me all about the unpleasant episode which may ruin him. The matter was finally settled through the intervention of the consul, and damages were paid. The guilty partner has left for Chile; the perpetrator of the theft has returned to the mines — probably to repeat the experiment.

As a result of the fracas the restaurant has lost its best customers, and Covillard has been forced to sell out to pay his share of the broken crockery. Outside of his political leanings, which are not accepted by most Frenchmen and are as a general rule ignored by Americans and foreigners, he is an affable and estimable citizen.

Doctor Briot's shack is doomed to disappear by the extension of Kearny Street. I am going soon to live on Pine Street in a hotel run by Vert and Montmert, two Frenchmen. My room is on the ground floor off the main part of the building and is small and convenient.

There I shall open offices as a dealer in merchandise and furniture. At the suggestion of Doctor Clergeon I am taking in as partner, clerk, and interpreter, Joseph Isnard, a hungry young man who has no money and who would starve if the doctor and some other friends did not look after him and invite him out to dinner.

As much on his own account as out of pity for the son of an impoverished family like our own I reluctantly yielded to the request of Clergeon and made an agreement with him. These are our terms: All the money from commissions is to be handled by me, I am to pay all expenses, and at the end of the month any surplus is to be divided. With tears in his eyes he gratefully accepted my proposal. I was surprised, even touched, by his attitude and his sincerity.

We are now on the high road to fortune. Isnard speaks the three necessary languages fluently. I already know the ropes, and how business is done. A rich American, Mr. Jones, who owns eight hundred building lots in San Francisco, offered me ten per cent commission on any sales I can make for him. This will not interfere with my brokerage business. If I have a run of good luck this year should make up for my losses in 1850.

I have just arranged with Mr. Buckliu [B. R. Buckelew], the prosperous editor of the *Public Balance*, to contribute a daily French column to his paper.<sup>39</sup> He has agreed to assign me twelve hundred words a day; the agreement does not stipulate what I am to furnish, whether it is to be on politics, literature, science, or whether it is to be serious or humorous.

Mr. Buckliu's idea is to get French subscribers and French advertising for his paper. This new occupation is to be outside the company's business and is wholly a personal matter. Our organization, however, will derive certain benefits through the French announcements I shall have the right to run, free of charge, in his daily.

So you see I have turned editor-in-chief, writer of advertisements, reporter, translator, and proof-corrector. For this I am to receive six dollars a day, one hundred copies of his paper, and a share of the profits from any notices I bring in, as well as from the advertisements. I estimate that it should all amount to fifty or sixty francs a day.

Fortunately the printer understands French fairly well in addition to English. English words, however, have no accent marks. I have two newsboys to sell my hundred copies. One is Mr. Picot de Moras, a retired ex-officer who came from Jussey. He is a first cousin of Baron Picot d'Aligny, and a relative of the Vicomte de Chifflet who

<sup>39</sup> For the history of this paper see H. R. Wagner, *California Imprints*, San Francisco, 1922, pp. 45-46 and 49.

was first president of the Court of Besançon in the last days of Charles X in 1830, which the government of Louis Philippe did not recognize as legal. Picot de Moras seems to be a black sheep; his family should be glad he is far off in California.

My other news-vendor, his companion, is Mr. J. B. de Finance of St. Marie. He must not be confused with the family of De Finance, one of whose members, Adolphe de Finance, is in California. The latter I met in 1849 at Havre when he was looking for his namesake, a passenger on the *Cérès*. He himself came out on the *Georges*.

De Finance is a heavy-set, good-natured man, by occupation a carver of ivories. Although he has had little education he is quite ambitious. He can be ingratiating and courteous when he has some ulterior motive; he is rude and impolite in contrary cases. He has little wit, judgment, delicacy, or constancy, and is utterly devoid of any moral sense. He has already seen something of the world, having been in Spain and Algeria before coming to California.

When he came to offer his services to me he was as meek, humble, and inoffensive as a lamb. We discovered later that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Such is his history. I venture to predict his ultimate downfall.

It is in these humble circumstances that you find me early in January, 1851, comfortably installed as editor, commission-merchant, business man, and one of the busiest of Californians. From eight in the morning to the late evening all the Frenchmen who have just landed come to ask my advice about places, and merchandise — advice, in fact, about everything, financial assistance included.

These newcomers often present some perplexing problems. Among them are promoters, miners, agriculturists, inventors, tourists, and budding writers who bring me voluminous manuscripts of no particular interest — which would fill our entire paper, leaving no space for news items. Such is their longing for publicity that they offer all this prose to me for nothing. But I treat everyone politely, without discouraging them.

Two attempts have already been made to give the French population a paper in their own language. Jules de France, soon after he reached California set up Doctor Briot's press and issued three or four more or less humorous numbers [of *Le Californien*] which did not sell well and only served to increase his debts. As he had no credit he was obliged to end his journalistic venture — his supreme ambition — which he defined as "making songs and laughter."

Again in September, 1850, another attempt was made with better equipment and under better management. A Canadian, Octavian

Hoogs, who had a few dollars and some credit, leisure, energy, and Yankee ingenuity, assisted by Mr. J. Ancelin [Anselin], from Rouen or Hâvre, founded a paper [the *Gazette Republicaine*] that came out as a tri-weekly.<sup>40</sup>

It was a first-class sheet of medium size printed entirely in French. But it was poorly edited by Mr. Ancelin, editor-in-chief, and his assistant, [H. J.] Mirandol, an intelligent, alert, and energetic young man who had gambled away his fortune on the Continent. Over here he had also formed poor connections, allying himself with a house that did not have proper backing — Gauthier, Mirandol and Pioda.

The paper was clearly printed by Crane and Rice, American printers, but accent marks were omitted. They had notices and advertisements, but subscriptions were lacking.

The French population is still too poor, too scattered, and too nomadic, and the means of communication is too expensive and uncertain for success to crown such an enterprise, unless backed by ample capital. Fifteen numbers were sufficient to exhaust the resources of the money-lenders, and the paper went out of existence leaving behind discouraged promoters and uneasy creditors.

These were my predecessors in the field of French journalism in San Francisco. To follow their errors would have been imprudent and any new venture would be hazardous. The time is not yet ripe for a French press to be installed here that can stand on its own feet. This is my deduction, and this is why I am not more deeply interested with its owner, Mr. Buckliu, in the *Public Balance* but merely send in translations.

What I have never seen and never expect to see is a capitalist, a big merchant, or a man of affairs who uses the press to get results. It is used, as a rule, by men of an inferior order. I come in contact, mainly, with the editor-in-chief, Mr. [Eugene] Casserly, a noted lawyer. He is a good writer and a good talker, but he is so dominating that he wants to control the entire staff on his paper. After a discussion and disagreement between the literary and financial factions under him Mr. Casserly resigned.

He then raised funds and started another paper. This he named *The Very True Public Balance*.<sup>41</sup> He took Ancelin along to edit the French column so that the reader at first glance could not distinguish the difference between the two papers. As Buckliu had money he started a lawsuit which he won. This forced Casserly to change the

<sup>40</sup> First issue September 12. Hoogs is said to have come from Boston. No existing copies of this paper are known. — Wagner, *California Imprints*, p. 41.

<sup>41</sup> No paper with just this title has been known.



name of his paper to the *Daily True Standard*. Moreover, he had to pay the costs.

Now, on February 1, 1851, we have two papers carrying a full French column. To assist him Ancelin has added to his staff a passenger from a ship from Havre, the *Joseph*, who bears the aristocratic name of Albert Besnard de Ruchail. He is a Frenchman who fell in love and who came out to make a fortune for a charming but penniless English girl whom he wished to marry. But since coming to California he has completely forgotten her. After trying many different things he finally failed in Sacramento.

On his ship the crowd was less exclusive than on the *Cérés*; there were comedians, outcasts, women of the lower classes, and workingmen. One of the officers was Mr. Siebert, a brother of General Siebert. After the trial, Casserly vs. Buckliu, the new editor [of Buckelew's *Public Balance*] was Dr. R. C. Matthewson, a more serious and amiable man than Casserly.

Of my interviews with this gentleman I shall always retain pleasant memories. He had been one of the later arrivals in California, having made the trip overland from New York to California. He had passed through the country of the Mormons, a religious and political sect in those days unknown in Europe, and published an account in English of his impressions of his travels among these eccentric and polygamous people. I am translating this account for publication in the French column of our paper. It will run through several numbers. So far as I am aware it is the first account in the French language of the history of the fanatics who inhabit Utah and the country of the River of the Jordan, and who have founded this New Jerusalem, called Salt Lake City. From my journalism and business affairs I am now making one hundred francs a day, and fifty francs for my associate.

Let me tell you more about the Marquis de Pindray whom I last saw in Union Town when I was coming out from the placers. Last May or June he got in touch, through the La Chapelle brothers, with Colonel Victor Prudon, who he knew was heavily involved, and offered to buy his ranch with all the live-stock, send the animals to the placers, and divide the profits. In this way, so he said, Prudon could pay off his debts and save his property. The transaction was closed and the contract signed stipulating the price agreed in the purchase.

De Pindray should have filed at the same time another deed stipulating certain reservations, but he feigned illness. He retired, taking along the signed agreement but promising to file the counter-deed and bring it over the next day.

Several days went by and De Pindray failed to appear. Prudon

after looking for him everywhere finally found him and asked him for the final papers. Assuming an injured expression and striking a theatrical pose, this rascal drew himself up to his full height and uttered these crushing words, "Do you dare doubt the word of the Marquis de Pindray? I had intended to bring you the counter-deed but since you demand it this insult has turned me against you. My word should have been enough."

Prudon was stunned, and convinced that such a villain would stop at nothing short of murder. He did not have the determination of an American who, under similar circumstances, would have demanded justice on the spot. He left in a daze, cursing his fate, and raging at his own carelessness, the treacherousness of the scoundrel and his acolytes who had purposely deceived him.

This episode over, De Pindray and La Chapelle, his valet, left for Union Town and the placers of Trinity River, taking along the animals from Prudon's *rancho*, together with some of his servants. After he had squandered all his proceeds from the sale of these creatures — he sold off everything except a few horses — he did not reappear in San Francisco until January.

Prudon, at that time, got out a court order requiring De Pindray to make a report on the sale. This De Pindray did; his statement showed a loss of ten thousand dollars. Then he ordered Prudon to pay his half of the deficit at once or turn over to him the entire ranch. Prudon, being already heavily in debt, could not raise this amount and could not afford to go to law. With the aid of friends and acquaintances an attempt was made to reach some kind of a settlement.

As arbitrators Prudon named Doctor Clergeon and the consul, Mr. Dillon; De Pindray chose me to defend his interests. At the present writing — early in the month of February — this is the way the affair stands. In the course of these negotiations La Chapelle, a young journalist and one of the accomplices, had been trying for some time to get a settlement from De Pindray for his services.

At first this was bluntly refused, but when he pressed the matter De Pindray lost his temper and challenged him to a duel, offering to meet him at any hour of the day or night. He also remarked that if he tried any tricks he would kill him. But the prudent journalist, a man of letters but a coward and parasite, was careful not to accept the challenge, and so avoided meeting his adversary face to face.

Anyone who is observant and attempts to analyze the various types of men around him would be doing an injustice if he confined his interest solely to the eccentric and vicious characters.

For this reason, having sketched the silhouette of the strange De

Pindray, I shall attempt to portray one of the outstanding American characters in San Francisco — Charles Duane. He is a man some twenty-five or thirty years old, large, blond, a man of superb physique. He seems to be of more than ordinary intelligence and is generous even to the point of being prodigal. A born leader, ambitious, and a good mixer, he is usually to be found in one of the gambling houses. A notorious politician as well, he has a thousand votes at his command to be disposed of at elections by the simple plan of having his adherents vote three times in different sections of the city. Naturally he is flattered and bowed down to by all the political leaders. Although he has no visible means of support he lives regally on credit.

Such a man might easily come to be a public dictator if he were so inclined. Girls and women, even those of the highest type, are captivated by his sympathetic manner, his flattery, his delicate attentions, and his pleasing compliments. With his capriciousness, his viciousness, and his undeniable charm he would be a dangerous man in any walk of life — whether in society, political life or love-affairs.

Men like this have in times past — and they will again in the future — use every influence to cheat at elections, put their confederates into public office, and stoop to graft in disbursing the city finances.

The first thing to do — and the patience of all honest men is nearing its end — will be to form vigilance committees. Such a dictatorship, being impersonal and incorruptible, can assert itself over and above the courts and be used to serve only the interests of public safety. And then the guilty will be fortunate if they escape the gallows and are merely exiled to foreign countries.

For several months now armed thugs have been escaping punishment after committing criminal assaults. A series of fires has occurred as well, due to someone's carelessness, and justice has been powerless or incapable of discovering the underlying responsibility. This has brought suspicion on the police, courts, and all public officials. When the papers announced on February 19, 1851, that one of my fellow-countrymen had been murdered cold-bloodedly and without apparent provocation, public indignation ran high.

Here is the article that was published at that time in the *Public Balance*:

We learn with regret that Mr. Anedee Fayole, actor and manager of the French Theatre in the city has just been assassinated in the office of his theatre when he refused to admit free of charge a certain individual, Charles Duane, who had no right to this privilege. The latter shot him with his pistol, knocked him down, and struck him with his sword. The life of the victim is despaired of and the criminal has been arrested. We are now waiting to see whether the law is sufficiently strong to protect us from such assaults in San Francisco. We trust that prompt and swift justice will be meted out in the interests of the public order and private safety. This is the wish of all his friends.

The following day, February twenty-first, the Court of Records, where Charles Duane was being held for a preliminary hearing, was crowded with a mob of curiosity-seekers. After hearing the witnesses, the guilty person was turned over to the jury, accused of an attempt at murder. Only a few hours later — some fifty thousand dollars had in the interim been spent in bribes — he was allowed to go free on a fifteen-thousand-dollar bail. But the citizens objected.

On the same day another tragedy occurred that incited a spirit of revolt in even the most peaceful citizens. Two ex-convicts from Sydney, [James] Stuart and Wilfred [Robert Windred], had stolen two thousand dollars from a business man, Mr. Janson [C. J. Jansen], whom they then tried to murder.

A committee of the most reputable citizens in the city was then formed, seven thousand men responding to the appeal. After considerable discussion and argument, the robbers were turned over to them. Within twenty-four hours they had investigated the case and decided to put them out on a warship where they were to be tried by the usual jury. This unique decision was not made solely to intimidate culprits; its aim was far-reaching.

This attitude made the men who had gone bail for Charles Duane, G. W. Thompson, F. D. Kohler, and De Vire, uneasy; they withdrew their guaranty, and the culprit has been returned to prison — where his friends do not hesitate to come and offer condolences and attempt to devise plans to get him out of this dilemma.

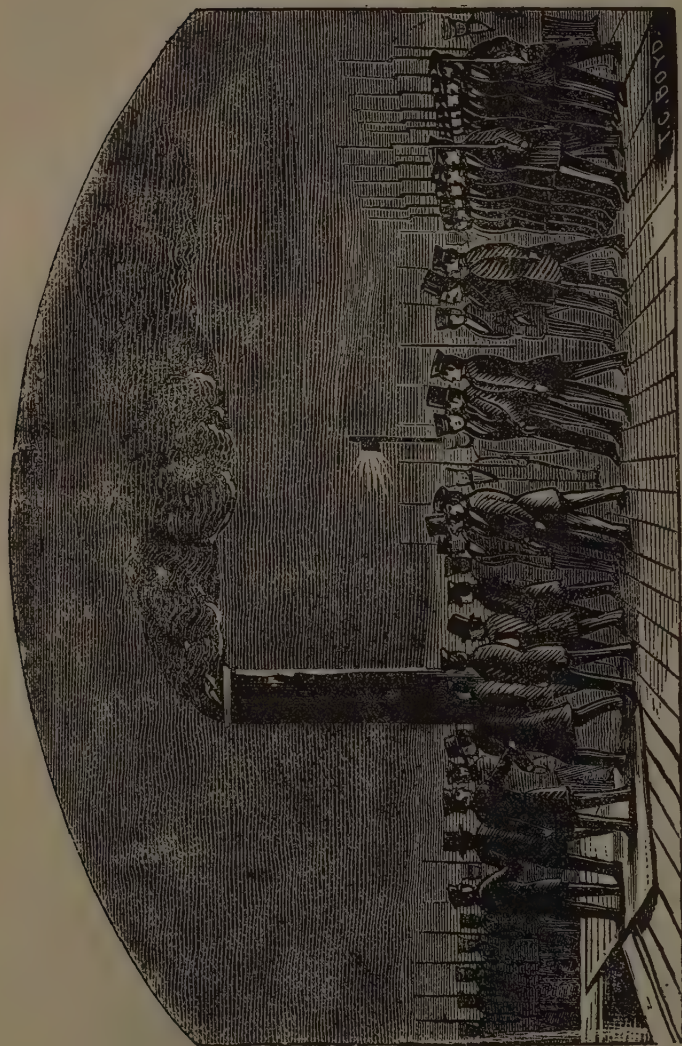
Fayole, who had been dangerously ill for eight days, was convalescing when Duane's friends came to him and made a proposition that was very tempting to an impecunious artist. They pointed out that if the accused man were condemned the victim would derive no material benefit, but if he would have the case dismissed he would receive a sum of money — enough to pay his expenses for two months while he was convalescing in Los Angeles in Southern California and enjoying a vacation. He was asked not to prosecute the case on the grounds that the victim and chief witnesses were not available; moreover, no jury in the State would have been willing to have sentenced the culprit.

This, then, is what was done, and Charles Duane escaped clean as snow from prison and justice by paying only a small fine.<sup>42</sup> But I am anticipating events for the sake of convenience. Let me go back to February twentieth.

Day after day the newspapers carried reports of numerous outrages, robberies, murders in the city at night, and even in daylight on the

<sup>42</sup> Charles P. Duane was exiled by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, at 2:00 A. M., June 5, 1856.





SHIPMENT OF THE PRISONERS.

Charles P. Duane, Martin Gallagher, Billy Mulligan, Wm. Carr, Edward Bulger and Woolly Kearny, sent from the country, by the "Vigilance Committee of San Francisco," at two o'clock, A.M., June 5th, 1856.

From a letter-sheet in the collection of Mr. Templeton Crocker.

main roads. It seemed as if every prison of every civilized country had sent the elite of its inmates out here to colonize this country.

Now and again the miners would leave their diggings, organize, arm, and start out on foot or horseback after the culprits. Those who were caught were given a mock trial and then hung. In some of the cities, particularly in Sacramento, for the first time, on February 25, 1851, an attempt was made to establish the validity of a lynch law.

The crisis came when a gambler, an Englishman called Frederick J. Roe, who had killed a blacksmith named Myers because he was trying to protect a young miner whom Roe and three other gamblers assaulted when he refused to gamble, was arrested by a mob who pronounced them guilty despite the efforts of the authorities who called for a trial by jury. Roe was finally tried and sentenced to be hung.

The mob then raided the prison, got possession of the prisoner, and led him out to be executed. This proceeding was sanctioned by nearly five thousand citizens. A gallows was improvised in a tree and the condemned man, supported by several ministers, declared he had yielded to a sudden impulse. Then he asked for a glass of water, and murmuring these words, "God have mercy on my soul," he was hung.

According to my belief, however, he was not a desperado of the worst order, such as congregate here in California, but was merely unfortunate enough to commit murder at a time when public sentiment was at white heat, and chose for a victim a man who was a reputable citizen and who left behind a widow and children.

The crime took place at two in the afternoon, the arguments for the trial were over by six, and by eight the jury returned their verdict of "guilty of murder of the first degree." At nine that night the sentence was executed, despite the opposition of the lawyers, local authorities, and magistrates.

In civilized countries where the courts are the bulwarks of justice such a deed would be classed as the act of barbarians and savages. But anyone who knows this country, its customs, its irregularities, and how its officials are chosen by universal suffrage and dominated by unscrupulous politicians, knows that such a procedure is sanctioned by the sober citizens who merely desire to enjoy peace and safeguard their interest. But this strong sense of justice is far from universal; I know many cases where the reverse has been the case.

Not long ago a Frenchman of high birth who came out with me on the *Cérés* entered my office at the Hotel Richelieu on Pine Street and told me his troubles. I did everything I could to help him earn a living. As he was a good hunter and an excellent shot I offered him my gun and ammunition, which I was not using, telling him that game

was abundant and commanded a fancy price on the market and that he should be able to make enough profit from hunting to start up a business. He accepted my suggestion with alacrity, took my gun, and that was the last I saw of him.

Later I was told that he had sold my gun and ammunition, and had left for the mines. At the placers he found Doctor Daing — a passenger from the *Cérès* who was working a claim of highly productive ore. The doctor welcomed him with open arms and took him into partnership. This was indeed good fortune for the newcomer, and everything seemed harmonious.

But such generosity did not satisfy the ambitions of this man who had no conscience and no moral standards. One fine day it was noted that their tent seemed deserted. For a time the miners in the neighborhood paid no attention to what seemed like a normal situation — although it was known that the doctor had three to four thousand piasters with him — but when someone finally went inside all that was found was a corpse. The gold had vanished!

The Sermans brothers, who were also on the *Cérès* and had come from the same section of France as Doctor Daing, on learning of his tragic end and the circumstances surrounding it offered one thousand dollars to anyone who would arrest the man to whom Doctor Daing had extended hospitality. Notices to this effect were sent to all the papers, both French and English, in California.

It seems probable that the culprit is hiding with the Indians and that he will live for a time with them, nameless and without a country, marrying, raising a family, and perhaps even rising to the rank of chieftain. Some time ago he lost his wife, and no one else knew his address. However, I know where he came from, but out of consideration for his family, which is very prominent, I shall try to forget I ever knew him. Furthermore, however strong our suspicions may be, we have no conclusive proof.

If many of our Neo-Californians have a pronounced taste for armed banditry many more are given to the less dangerous pastime of petty thievery and cheating. Here is an instance of this latter, a case in which I personally was the victim. The facts of the situation proved his guilt, and the instigator of this crime does not deserve any consideration for, when he had a chance to make amends, he let the chance slip by.

This is the story. For three months Joseph Isnard had been in the brokerage business with me, and without much effort we had each made from five to twenty dollars a week profit with the chance of doubling this amount with a little extra industry. This, it seems to me, ought to satisfy a young man, who had no business of his own and

no capital. Although I did not expect his gratitude, the least I expected was his cooperation and interest.

Isnard, however, disappointed me. He proved to be a gambler, an idler, and a woman-seeker. As I did not care to have our funds pass through his hands I had been paying his personal expenses in advance out of my own pocket. But I discovered that he was collecting the commissions due us as brokers and spending them, telling me our creditors were putting us off from week to week.

As I finally began to doubt the truth of his assertions I went quietly around to them and discovered that I had in business with me a liar and a swindler. What could I do? Should I give him a good thrashing with a stick? This would please him, probably, for he would then pose not as debtor but as creditor. Or should I take him to the police? If I did this I would have to look after the affair myself; he would ask for a trial by jury and would probably be acquitted; and all the expenses — and he might even ask for damages — would be charged to me.

At the present time, out in this country, a juror is like a boot-jack, or porter. The latter is stationed at the doors of hotels; the former is at the beck and call of the court. One is as irresponsible as the other. So it is not surprising that such juries frequently consist of friends, confederates, and accomplices of the accused person, and as the decision must be unanimous, eight times out of ten the guilty person escapes punishment.

The only thing left for me to do, in the case of Isnard, was to confront him with the men who had paid him their commissions and to expose his guilt in the presence of witnesses. As he was unable to deny his guilt he made a complete confession in their presence, asked my forgiveness on the grounds of his youth, wept bitterly, and promised to make amends if I would give him time. Perhaps he was afraid I was going to have him arrested, for later events proved that he had no intention of reforming. And yet he is twenty-two years old!

I audited his accounts and found he had embezzled more than one hundred and forty dollars in less than a month. He signed a statement to this effect, exposing the shameful origin of his debt but probably inwardly hating me as the cause of his troubles. In concluding I shall tell you some anecdotes about him which will show you what kind of a man he is and let you draw your own inferences.

Two years passed by since I had accepted his note for this debt and I had not been able to collect it, when I heard that Joseph Isnard, by some strange coincidence, had been made translator and interpreter for the commission that was to pass on and verify the Mexican land concessions in California — a position that should carry a nice salary. I



let a few months ensue and saw that he was looking prosperous, dining at the best cafés, and living off the fat of the land like a man favored by fortune.

Then I gave my brother Ormand, who had been in California only a short time, the note for one hundred and forty dollars to present to Isnard at his office, and collect all or part of it. My brother found Isnard alone there and told him why he had come, at the same time presenting his note. Isnard took it under the pretext of examining it, went over to the window, tore it to shreds, and threw it out with the remark, "You see what I am doing with this paper; if you dare say a word, since you do not speak English and I have friends next door who do not understand French, I will break your neck." Then he pulled a revolver from his pocket. The snake had changed into a wild animal! There was only one thing for my brother who was unarmed to do — retire. An American is always armed when he goes to collect a bad bill and might have killed his debtor on the spot by way of exacting justice, but such a reprisal would be repugnant to a Frenchman.

This little episode which I had no reason to conceal was soon known all over the city. Isnard, in consequence, was carefully watched by his employers and not given any serious responsibilities. A few months later he was discharged. From then on his troubles began. He tried to get help everywhere, from his friends and acquaintances and even from those who were cognizant of his faults. He even appeared to repent and sent me two remittances on account, but this was all I ever received from him. I offered at length to settle for one hundred francs and he agreed, but never paid me. Finally he returned to France.

In 1860 I ran across a man in Paris who appeared to be some forty-five years old and who was either of the middle classes or a working man. He wore a shabby hat, coat, old trousers, and worn shoes. He was looking tired and worn. But he carried himself like a knight returning from the Crusades, despite his rags.

He stopped me on the bridge of Beaux Arts and said with great self-assurance, "Good afternoon, my dear Mr. de Massey." I looked up and recognized Joseph Isnard. "Not so dear as all that," I replied. "You know I have an old score to settle with you." He mumbled some excuses, told me he had not forgotten, and did not intend to repudiate his debt, and that he expected to get a good position in a day or so and would pay me. I gave him my address, but he never came. As I was thinking about him I could not help speculating as to what place a man of his stamp could occupy in France under a regular and orderly government.

I believe I saw him for the last time one evening in 1867 in Paris in a café on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. He was sitting with a man,

obviously from the country, whom he was probably trying to exploit. I made no effort to recognize him.

The last episode in the life of this crook which came to my attention is even more extraordinary, and I should not have believed it had it not been told and verified by my friends and relatives who did not know the past history of the man whom I mentioned.

This was in Langres in the winter of 1870-71, when the war was at its height. The Bureau of National Defense had just issued a call for officers and extra soldiers. Among the volunteers was an artillery officer, who said he had been trained in the United States — perhaps in the Civil War. This commander had been stationed at the town of Langres, to take part in its defense in case of a siege.

Of the military merits of this superior officer I have nothing to say, not having seen his service records. I do know that he was very conceited. He had had practically no education but he spoke fluently three languages, French, English, and Spanish. While in Langres he stayed with the notary, Mr. Mermet.

My cousins, Mesdames Lanet, who are related to the latter, frequently met the commander, who often in the course of his conversation mentioned California. Mesdames Lanet asked him if he had ever known their cousin, Ernest de Massey. "Certainly, he was one of my best friends," he replied. The commander was my old friend Joseph Isnard! And to think that this man had been able to get an officer's commission and perhaps even come to be on friendly terms with many honest and distinguished officers of the French army. It may be, however, that the government favored Isnard because he was the son of Maximilian Isnard, member and president from 1792-1793 of the Assembly.

After this lengthy digression let me return to my life in California. I continued to lead the life of a journalist, mediator, and broker, attending to the thousand and one things that came up and which left me very little time for literary pursuits. Through this avenue I came to know all the Francomtois in the city.

Among them was Mr. Agness from Luxeuil, an uninteresting person, Mr. Rouche from Jussey, Mr. Alexis Guapot of Vauvillers, and the two Thiaud brothers, also of Vauvillers, who were under the guardianship of their nephew Thauillon, their cashier and monitor. They were sent out by their brother who had made a fortune in the Indies and who did not wish his new social position clouded.

While they were living here the poor Thiauds played the clarinet in cabarets and ate and drank up all their profit rather than work in the mines. As their guardian found he had no control over them he left them and went to Mexico.

I also knew Captain Travaillet, who was in command of a ship but later sold out his interests at a profit — to the detriment of the owners and lessee — and with the proceeds established a business in Oregon. This is one way of acquiring prestige in a new country! The Travaillet family came originally from Doubs; they had an excellent reputation. The Captain lived at Hotel Richelieu where I, too, made my headquarters. He had a prepossessing appearance and a generous, friendly, affable disposition, and was not the only one out here who was ostracized from France. Bouchard, who succeeded Covillard as my landlord was similarly situated.

Bouchard, Captain on the long run from California to Hâvre, had left on a small ship — a bold and audacious venture — and had safely weathered the Straits [of Magellan]. When he got into San Francisco he decided to sell out on his own behalf. But he was not able to enjoy the fruits of this transaction by himself.

His wife, an ordinary creature, soon followed him and made trouble, and his daughter, whom he was having educated at Hâvre, followed her mother's example. Later when the opportunity offered she married Mr. Dubrenil. The parents soon separated without ceremony; they were gross, unpleasant, and ignorant people.

Doctor Briot, who always disliked medicine — sooner or later he will be forced to practice — finally located at San José near his friend Jourdain; there he runs a pharmacy and in addition raises chickens and rabbits.

Pidaucet stayed at the mines. Dechanet opened a little grocery store here in the city. Bernot from Besançon has been playing the flute for a living, sometimes in San José and again in San Francisco. Veron lost the two thousand francs he made at the mines through De Lamolère and Breton, an architect from Paris who came out on the *Cérès*. They thought they could make a success of farming without theory, experience, or capital.

He is now working for Mr. Humboldt of Langres — son of an old resident of that city — probably without salary. He has written begging me to send him, through Mr. Baladia, a trunk of his personal belongings and any money due him from the sale of our last merchandise. As he said he was in need of funds I immediately complied with the request of my dear cousin.

I have had word from the mines and understand that my friends Elior and Ernest de Grivel who went up on the Stanislaus River, having heard enthusiastic reports of the mines on the Salmon, left too late in the season for these rich placers — where miners have taken out a hundred pounds of gold in a few months — and were stopped by the snows and forced to turn back. When later they finally got in, all the good

places had been taken, and their profits were small. It was in July, 1850, that I explored the same country. I recognized the rich indications at the time and would have returned had it not been for my associates who left our camp before I got back to the Trinity.

When the Hotel Richelieu failed I was compelled to move my offices to Commercial Street. Soon a fire drove me out. This was the first fire I had witnessed and which had claimed me as its victim. On that eventful night I had to move all my possessions twice, even though the fire was more than three hundred meters away. Two-thirds of the city was destroyed.

Doctor Clergeon was away that day and when I saw that the fire was about to destroy his house I called in some mutual friends to help me save his effects. I knew he was out of the city and had gone to look over the De Pindray-Prudon ranch to make them an offer for it. We saved everything that seemed valuable as the fire crept nearer.

However, we neglected to take out a little old trunk that seemed valueless — and it was there that Doctor Clergeon kept all his valuables — about two hundred thousand francs! When he returned to San Francisco and found he was ruined he nearly lost his reason. In the three weeks that we lived in the same room, night after night he had hideous nightmares.

The printing-office of my paper was burned, the paper went out of existence, and I had to look for some other occupation. The De Pindray-Prudon ranch was out of the question, so I yielded to the entreaties of my friend, J. B. de Finance, who was also ruined, and we went into partnership, each putting in the same amount of capital, and managed the business without hiring extra labor.

I was put in charge of the business, looked after the money and credit end, and did the buying, and fixed prices. My partner had no ambition but to follow in my footsteps. I had saved four hundred dollars, but put only half of it into the business. Thus our company began with a capital of four hundred dollars.

We rented a small place about two meters long by three deep in a location that had escaped the fire on Merchant Street, at the corner of the main plaza. Here I laid the foundations of the establishment that later developed into a book-store which carried French, Spanish, Italian books, and any Parisian papers that had a ready market in San Francisco.

This brings to a close my years of adventure. But if time permits I shall continue my memoirs on through the seven ensuing years, as I have done above, and describe events as I witnessed them — the end of De Pindray, De Raousset, the fires, the Vigilance Committee, the Filibusters, and the Dillon affair.



## JAMES CLYMAN

## His Diaries and Reminiscences

(Concluded)

*Overland to California in 1848*

Travelers returning to St. Louis from California in 1846 were doubtless eagerly questioned, not only for news of the far West but also for word from their friends among the caravans on the plains. An agent of the *Missouri Republican* met Clyman and obtained from him a brief statement and excerpts from his diaries, which were published in that newspaper on July 30, 1846:<sup>187</sup>

## FROM CALIFORNIA

A gentleman who has passed the two last years in Oregon and California reached this city yesterday. His name is James Clymer, and [he] migrated from Milwaukie, with a view of determining for himself the character of that country. He left California, in company with six other persons, the latter end of April, and has been ninety days on the route. Mr. Clymer has kindly permitted us to glance at his diary—we could do no more—kept for the whole time of his absence, and to select such facts as may interest our readers. We have, of necessity, to take such incidents as occurred during his return home, passing over many descriptions of country, soil, places, mountains, people and government, in Oregon and California.

On the 16th of March last, Mr. Clymer refers, in his journal, to the extraordinary avidity with which news is manufactured in that country; and says, that Lieut. Fremont had raised the American flag in Monterrey—of course the town of that name on the Pacific—that all good citizens were called upon to appear forthwith, at Sonoma, armed and equipped for service under Gen. Byajo, to defend the rights of Mexican citizens. This report subsequently appeared, was founded on the fact, that Lieut. Fremont had raised the American [flag] at his camp, near the Mission of St. John's and that he declined to call on some of the legal authorities, when ordered to do so. It was said, that in consequence of this state of things, General Castro had raised four hundred men at Monterrey; that he marched to Lieut. Fremont's camp on the 22nd of March, from which he had retreated; and that he there found numerous pack-saddles, baggage, and a considerable quantity of specie. Lieut. Fremont was last heard of, after Mr. Clymer had left, on the Rio Sacramento; but as he kept his own counsel, no one knew his object in going there, or when he would return to the United States. He had lost one man, who was killed by the Indians, and had discharged others.

Mr. Clymer met, at different times and under different circumstances, parties of Emigrants to Oregon or California, who were roving about discontented, and going back and forth, as whim dictated. On the 22nd of March, he notices having met, in California, a party of one hundred and fifty persons, thirty or forty of whom were then going to the Columbia river, having become tired of *the other paradise*. On the 20th of April, Mr. Sumner and his family arrived at camp, prepared for their journey to the States. Mr. Sumner had been in Oregon; from thence he went to California; and, being still dissatisfied, he was now returning, after having spent five years in traveling and likewise a small fortune.

He met [!], and left Mr. L. P. [L. W.] Hastings, the author of a work on California, at his camp on Bear Creek, a small creek running into Feather River. He was located near the road travelled by the emigrants to California. Mr. Hast-

<sup>187</sup> Courtesy of Miss Stella M. Drumm, of the Missouri Historical Society. This article was copied in the *Liberty Weekly Tribune*, August 8, 1846, and in the *Oregon Spectator*, April 29, 1847.

ings had been looking for some force from the States, with which it was designed to revolutionize California, but in this he had been disappointed. He was then, it seemed, awaiting the action of the American Government, in taking possession of that country — of which he appeared to have some intimation. Mr. Clymer heard, on his return homeward, of the arrival of the several United States vessels of war at Monterey, but knows nothing more about them. . . .

During the next eighteen months Clyman visited his friends in Wisconsin and spent the winter with his old Rocky Mountain comrade, John Bowen of Wauwautosa. It was said long afterward that he tried to interest some of his acquaintances in the purchase of land in California — that he knew of a ranch of 80,000 acres there which could be obtained for 4,000 dollars. This tract was said to have been near the present site of Vallejo and to have been "sold" when Clyman returned for it.

It seems that there may have been some truth in these statements, no other reasons being known why Clyman should have made plans, after his arrival in California in 1848, to return East again the next year.

Whatever these plans were, it is known that he was engaged as guide to a company of emigrants, one of the few trains that crossed the plains to California in 1848. Mexican war troubles, treaty delays and the fate of the Donner party kept all but the most hardy California bound emigrants off the plains during the two years before the gold rush, and but little is recorded of the immigration of 1848.

It seems that a large part of Clyman's company belonged to one family, the Mecombs',<sup>168</sup> who hailed from Indiana. They were restless frontier settlers, having been pioneers of Ohio and Michigan in previous years. The elders were Lambert and Hannah Mecombs, and the children, mostly grown and nearly all married, were Benjamin F., William, Jacob R., Joseph D., Isaac, Aramintha, Martha, Hannah and Rebecca. On the plains another member joined the train, a baby that lived only a few days.

Little is known of Lambert, the head of the house, except that he was sixty-four years old when he arrived in California in '48 and that he died on December 6 of the next year. Hannah, his wife, was the leading spirit of the family. She was a Mendenhall, born December 22, 1787, in Pennsylvania, on the battle field of Brandywine. Her ancestors were sturdy Dutch-Quaker stock, and she herself lived nearly one hundred years. Her eldest son, Ben, became in his latter years a hermit, living until recently in the northern part of the State of Washington.

<sup>168</sup> The spelling, whether Mecombs or McCombs, is a matter of dispute in the family, some claiming the Scotch, others the Irish form. Lambert Mecombs' grave-stone at Napa has the name spelled as I have given it, but as his grave was changed three different times even this may not indicate his way of spelling it.

"Jake" and "Joe" were twins. Isaac, born in Ohio, September 13, 1820, raised a family in California, where he died May 4, 1904.

The eldest daughter "Minty" married a Backus. Her children were Hannah, Blake and Joseph. Martha became Mrs. Hardman, and one of her sons married James Clyman's foster-daughter, Alice Broadhurst, his own first cousin. "Becky," the youngest, married Stephen Broadhurst, who probably came overland in the Mecombs' train. Hannah became James Clyman's wife. She was an unusually forceful and determined little woman, physically spry and mentally bright until almost the day of her death in 1908, at the age of 86. She carried out her own very decided ideas in the management of her affairs, among other things never permitting the hired men to milk her cows, always doing it herself and saying that "a man would spoil a good cow."

There seems to be no definite record of other members of this company, but possibly William Bedwell and Martin Hudson, both of Sonoma, came with it.<sup>169</sup>

Incidents of the journey are almost unknown. Clyman said the trip was "without incident" but it probably would not have been so to a tenderfoot. The party left the Missouri about the first of May and arrived in California on September 5. Curiously enough, they heard of the gold discovery while en route, from members of the returning Mormon Battalion. The effect of this news upon the overlanders must have been electrical to judge from the diaries of Israel Evans and Henry W. Bigler.<sup>170</sup>

Evans tells an amusing story which might have been associated with the Mecombs'-Clyman train.

In August, 1848, somewhere east of the lower crossing of the Truckee River, Evans' party of Mormons met a train of California bound immigrants. Telling the people of the new Eldorado, one of the

<sup>169</sup> On the next to the last page of Book 9, James Clyman's overland diary of 1846, is a list of names in Clyman's handwriting. From the inclusion of Hudson and Bedwell it might be thought that this was a list of Clyman's company of 1848, but the few other names that are known do not bear out this supposition. Thus, W. G. Chiles and Samuel Dewel were not born until later, Chiles being a covered wagon baby of 1854. Thomas Hudson and William Hargrave were 1844 emigrants, and Thomas Wesley Bradley came with Joseph B. Chiles in 1843. There were at least two J. Grigsbys, Jesse and Captain John.

I give the list for someone else to puzzle over:

Richard Smith, William H. Gilbert, Wm. Hains, James B. Sears, Daniel Prigmore, John Cowie, Adolphus E. Haff, Turner Crump, Benjamin H. Smith, S[amuel?] Dewel, Thos. Hudson, Alex Dunbar, Martin Hudson, John W. Smith, William Long, William Bedwell, Tibbs & Saunders, William Hargrave, Eliza Wright, Jas. Croslin, Powel H. Haeff, Eli Roberts, Wm. Kelsey, J. Grigsby, Jos. Prigmore, Isaac Wood, Thos. McMahan, H. S. Foshe, Thos. Bradly, Thos. J. Young, W. G. Chiles, C. W. Boyer.

<sup>170</sup> Evans' diary is quoted in Daniel Tyler, *History of the Mormon Battalion*, 1881, p. 340. Bigler's *MS Diary of a Mormon* is in the Bancroft Library.

Mormons "poured into his hand perhaps an ounce of gold and began stirring it with his finger. One aged man of probably over three score years and ten [Lambert Mecombs?], who had listened with intense interest while his expressive eyes fairly glistened, could remain silent no longer; he sprang to his feet, threw his old wool hat upon the ground, and jumped upon it with both feet, then kicked it high in the air, and exclaimed, 'Glory hallaluja, thank God, I shall die a rich man yet!'"

Bigler's party of returning Mormons met 18 emigrant wagons at the sink of the Humboldt on August 18. The fact that this train had come by way of Fort Hall leads one to think that it may have been Clyman's train. One of this party, Hazen Kimball, had spent the winter at Salt Lake. The next day Bigler mentions a train of 25 wagons bound for California. This was perhaps Pierre B. Cornwall's train.<sup>171</sup> On the 26th he notes ten wagons, which may have been a party with James T. Walker, who had set out in 1847. On the 27th Samuel Hensley's company "of ten on packs came up" and Hensley told them of a short cut to Salt Lake that he had just taken and gave them a "way bill" of this new route which evidently deviated from Hastings' cut-off. On the 30th Bigler encountered Captain Joseph B. Chiles and his company of 48 wagons. "He gave us a way bill purporting to give a still nearer route than that of Hensleys." Except for the brief notes of J. P. C. Allsopp,<sup>172</sup> who came with a small party of young men and did not reach San Francisco until December 15, 1848, this completes the scanty records of the 1848 immigrants.

The strange sights that greeted Clyman upon his arrival are recorded in a letter to H. J. Ross of Wisconsin:<sup>173</sup>

*Napa Valley, Alta California,  
Dec. 25th, 1848.*

*Friend Ross:—The uncertainty of letters reaching you makes it necessary that I state to you again that we left the west of Missouri on the 1st of May and arrived here on the 5th of September without accident or interruption of any kind worthy of notice. Matters and things here are strangely and curiously altered since I left this country. No business of any kind is carried on except what is in some way connected with the gold mines. You have no doubt seen and heard several descriptions of those mines and supposed them all fabulous, but*

<sup>171</sup> Bruce Cornwall, *Life Sketch of Pierre Barlow Cornwall*, San Francisco; 1906.

<sup>172</sup> Allsopp, *Leaves from My Log Book*, MS, Bancroft Library.

<sup>173</sup> From the *Milwaukee Sentinel & Gazette*, July 4, 1849, courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society.



*I am persuaded that nothing has yet reached you that would give you any adequate idea of the extent and immense richness of the mining region. Gold is now found in length from North to South, over a distance of between 400 and 500 miles, and in width from 40 to 60 miles, and nearly every ravine will turn out its thousands. There are at this time not less than 2000 white men and more than double that number of Indians washing gold at the rate of some two ounces per day, making over \$300,000 per day,<sup>174</sup> and this great quantity and the ease with which it is produced has caused a tremendous rise in provisions and all kinds of manufactured goods. Flour in the mines sells at \$1 per lb — dried beef and bacon \$2 per lb., &c. I forbear to mention anything more, for all articles bear the same proportions, as gold is the most plenty and of course the least valuable.*

*All the inhabitants of this immediate country left their farms to hunt and wash gold. All of the summer crop and considerable of the wheat was destroyed by the stock. Oregon has sent us some flour, and more than half of her male population, all of the foreigners and a portion of the Natives have arrived from the Sandwich Islands, and we may expect a large emigration from the States next season. Tell all of the lovers of gold and sunshine that this is the place to suit them. But very little else is to be seen or had here. We had a shower of rain last week for the first time since May, and the grass is beginning is [to] shoot a little. I shall return to the States again in about one year from this time. Give my respects to all enquiring friends.*

JAMES CLAYMAN [Clyman].

*P. S. Enclosed you will find a small specimen of gold. It is found in all shapes and sizes up to twenty pounds weight.*

[This letter was postmarked San Francisco, March 16th, 1849.]

Clyman and others of the train probably yielded to the temptation to try a turn or two at gold washing — his descendants still possess some good sized nuggets that he found — and some members of the party doubtless stayed at the mines, but Clyman and the Mecombs' soon made their way to Napa, where they were welcomed by John Trubody and hospitably cared for at his ranch. The Mecombs' finally settled on land now within the city of Napa, their ranch house being where the Napa Union High School now stands. Clyman lived with them, assisting in the work of laying out the place, and courting one of the younger daughters, Hannah, who became his wife.

<sup>174</sup> If gold was worth fifteen dollars an ounce in 1848, 2 ounces per man, 6000 men, would amount to 180,000 dollars per day.

The marriage was the first one celebrated at Napa. The minister was Sylvester Woodbridge of the Presbyterian church in Benicia, and the date, the 22d of August, 1849. The groom was 57, while the bride was thirty years younger, and she outlived him nearly 37 years. It is said that the couple bought all the table crockery to be had in Napa and San Francisco; also that they remained over the winter with the Mecombs' and helped to put in the next year's crops.

#### *Latter Days*

On March 6, 1850, Clyman purchased from William Edgington a portion of the tract that became his farm at Napa. This land had previously belonged to Salvador Vallejo and formed a part of his "Pueblo de Salvador." Soon afterward the family moved into Sonoma County, settling in the district between Forestville and Sebastopol. Before long they were back again at Napa where, on February 10, 1855, James Clyman completed the purchase of his ranch — the property acquired at this time being a part of the tract belonging to his mother-in-law.

Sad years now followed with the death of four of the five little children by the ravages of scarlet fever. The first to be taken was the little seven-year-old daughter, Martha Ellen; then James Lambert, a boy of eleven; next, one of the seven-year-old twins, Philip Lancaster; and finally, on December 6, 1866, Mary Irene, a girl of fifteen.

Clyman himself was now 74 years old, carrying on the work of a fruit and dairy ranch, planting and pruning the trees, plowing and harvesting, while Mrs. Clyman and their one remaining daughter, Lydia Alcinda, milked the cows and took care of the household affairs. To make up for the loss of their children they adopted three foster-daughters — Alice ("Allie") Broadhurst, who was Mrs. Clyman's niece, Geneva Gillin, and Edna Wallingford.

In the late sixties Lydia married Beverly Lamar Tallman. Their children and grandchildren are Clyman's only living descendants. One of these, Mr. Wilber Lamar Tallman, still lives upon the fine old Clyman ranch, one mile north of Napa City, near the Union Station.

A little diary still exists which was written by James Clyman in his eightieth year. It shows him still living an active life, working on his farm, and it contains a bit of the verse that he occasionally wrote:

*And now the mists arise  
With slow and graceful motion  
And shews like pillow in the skies  
Or island in the ocean*

[Jan] 28, [1871] A Rainy moning Took my Sheep to pasture. . . .

February the 1 My birthday being the first day of 80 Eightyethe year. . . .

2 Frosty mornings commenced pruning in the Orchard . . .

17 Frost clear and warm afternoon Pruning in the orchard . . .

[March] 3 Pleasant and warm good growing weather Planted potatoes Peas & onions beets . . .

8 commenced Breaking fallows yestarday . . .

10 Finished pruning . . .

15 finished my fence around the garden

[April] 9 . . . Mr Montgomery [R. T. Montgomery, editor of the *Napa Reporter*] called on me for information on the early character of California gave him my Diary of my first trip across the plains . . .

11 Trimed and marked my lambs . . .

12 Finished planting corn & potatoes . . .

14 . . . Rode out on the mountain . . .

19 . . . Commenced sharing sheep

26 . . . Went to the Odd fellows Picknick Mr Sargent delivered the adress which was done in oratorical style . . .

[May] 3 . . . finished the cultivation of the home orchard . . .

19 . . . hawled a load of rock for the foundation of Barn . . .

29 . . . Comenced framing Barn . . .

31 . . . finished the frame of Barn . . .

[June] 3 . . . went to the picknick at the Boggs ranch heard Mr Ford the county School Sup<sup>t</sup> make an excellent speech . . .

12 . . . filled all my barn with hay three tuns left . . .

15 . . . Brought my sheep down to the home place

16 Clear sold all our Black Tartaria[n cherries]

17 . . . gathered Black Beries . . .

24 . . . took a severe Cold Laid abed half the day . . .

25 . . . still feel seak of a cold . . .

26 . . . Hauled one load of wood . . .

1<sup>st</sup> July . . . Warm some wheet being harvested Wind South . . . Finished halling wood due Mr Truebody \$3<sup>00</sup> . . .

4 the 95 Jubille of our countrys Independance as nation Went to Napa heard the declaration of Indepenance read . . .

11 . . . gathering early apples . . .

12 . . . Lent Mrs McCombs \$200<sup>00</sup>/

[Aug.] 16 . . . the camp Meeting still in Session

[Dec.] 10 . . . sowed our Barley last week . . .

Time has now left his marks on the aging frontiersman. Although the old wounds have ceased to trouble him, a more recent accident, while chopping wood, has nearly deprived him of the sight of one eye. Hunting excursions to his favorite "coves" in the mountains come more seldom now and he rides in a carriage where once he walked or rode horseback — trips to Bodega, Calistoga and the redwoods. Leisure hours are spent in writing — his reminiscences and his poetry. A little

book of verses continues up till the year of his death. A story of the Rocky Mountain trappers is finished in his eighty-seventh year for Lyman C. Draper. The first half of this narrative had been written eight years previously, for publication in the *Napa Reporter*.<sup>175</sup> It was never extended beyond the first year, because of the author's failing strength.

The farm,<sup>176</sup> brought by Clyman to a high state of productiveness, is now managed by the daughter, Mrs. Tallman, who finds daylight hours too short with seven little children and the old couple to care for. Visitors come frequently, among them little Tom Thumb and his wife, the midgets, relatives of the family.

On the night of December 27, 1881, another visitor enters and silently departs bearing the old frontiersman away, over new trails, to join his comrades of the mountains—Ashley, Jedediah Smith, Fitzpatrick, Black Harris, Hugh Glass, the Sublettes, Andrew Henry, and Jim Bridger, who has passed on only a few months before.

Pioneers gather beneath the cypresses of Tulocay, where James Clyman, worn by the infirmities of ninety years, is laid to rest.<sup>177</sup>

#### *Clyman's Poetry*

Simple and serene, with the sweet freshness and cheerfulness of a boy, Clyman lived, even in old age, in tune with his world. The spirit of this is in his poetry—the expression of a soul that lived close to Mother Earth, tasted her joys and was refreshed; for nature gave back her recompense to him, who braved dangers and toil to know her well.

Clyman left many poems. This first one was written at Napa in 1879, and the last in the year of his death.

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<sup>175</sup> *Napa Weekly Reporter*, March 30, April 6, 13, 20, 27, and May 4 and 11, 1872. The *Reporter* also printed excerpts from Clyman's diaries in its issues of May 17, 25, June 1, 8, 15, 22, July 20, 27, and August 3 and 10, 1872.

<sup>176</sup> A drawing of Clyman's farm as it was about the time of his death appears in *Illustrations of Napa County, California*, Oakland: Smith and Elliott, 1878.

<sup>177</sup> *Napa Reporter* and *Napa Register*, December 30, 1881. Clyman was a member of the Society of California Pioneers, Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino Counties branch, which he joined in 1876. A town in Wisconsin was named for him in the early days. California has given him no memorials of any kind.



## OUR HOME

*The winds were in their chamber sleeping  
The light from Orient portals peeping  
The stars the lesser ones are dimed or gone  
The larger ones more brightly shown  
And silver beams of early daylight  
Was breaking through the gloom of night  
The little birds in twittering note  
Upon the ambient air did float  
Again more fervent light behold  
The mountain tops in glittering gold  
The grass the grain in meadow seen  
A gorgeous sight all clothed in green  
The dewdrops make a beautiful show  
In bright translucent globes they glow  
All nature now seems to combine  
To overflow with bread and wine  
And fruit of every name and nature  
Promise rich returns in the future  
The peach the cherry and the pear  
In fragrant blooming now appear  
And give sweet scent to passing air  
The bees then come a perfect swarm  
At noon or when the sun shines warm  
And sip the nectar from the bloom  
To fill their sweetened honey comb  
And now we hear the breakfast call  
To young to old to friend and all  
Now at the table take your seat  
A cup of coffee strong and sweet  
but first you hear a fervent blessing  
To all omniscient power addressing  
The mighty source of light  
To guide our words and actions right  
Through out the day now fast advancing  
The glorious sun on nature glancing  
Now while hot roles surround your plate  
Don't envy either wealth or state  
The hour of eight the clock has told  
A grumbling first then more bold  
Along the iron plated way*

*That runs direct from Napa bay  
And if you notice as they pass  
A belching forth of steam and gass  
They come with raped whirling wheels  
The earth blow both quakes and reals  
The elements above are riven  
By smoke and gass are upward drivn  
A heave a blch of scalding gass  
Then let the metal monster pass  
The hills along the east are seen  
Some dark with brush some clothed in green  
The sun still shining bold and bright  
And not a cloud obscures the sight  
The Lilac now in purple bloom  
A handsome sight a rich perfume  
The Canary in his iron cage  
Still chants his love and sings his rage  
No answering note no warbling fair  
Can touch his melancholy ear,  
O give me freedom or a mate  
To save me from a lonsome fate.  
The sun now strikes meriden line  
The laboring men come in to dine  
Assembled round the family board  
A female blessing now is heard  
And then the master carves and sends  
The vians round from side to end  
Around the yard a playfull noise  
This is the prattle of the boys  
As up and down the walks they run  
With bursting froliich noisy fun  
Thier work is play thier play is work  
And all is noise from day to day  
And infancy is likewise here  
A female babe demans our care  
Who just begins to crow and smile  
And know her mothers voice the while  
She fills a space not very small  
But she is dear to nurse and all  
Our Cottage too is draped anew  
And shows in front a handsome vew  
As white as bride trips from her room*

Steps out to meet her galant groom  
 The plow for summer crop now turning  
 The moistned soil in early morning  
 And soon comes on the planting time  
 For summer crops of evry kind  
 As to west the sun inclines  
 In fervant brightness still it shines  
 All nature seems to catch the strea[m]  
 And kiss and drink the glancing beam  
 And then a slightly southern breese  
 Comes chanting through the orchard trees  
 And bends and turns the growing grain  
 Like tides upon the flowing main  
 Still lower west the light doth glow  
 And lengthning shawos eastward go  
 Now all the sky in brightest gold  
 Most beautiful the light unfold  
 The eastern hills to catch the light  
 reflected from etherial hight  
 You see the moons bright crescent form  
 And silver tips her either horn  
 The stars now all are brightly shining  
 And with the moon thier light combining  
 The galaxy or milky way  
 Across the zenith makes display  
 With stars thick studded shining bright  
 A coronet on brow of night  
 Is this the hour when lovers meet  
 Salute each to each in accents sweet  
 And walk the flowery avaneues  
 and speak and tell the daily new[s]  
 Perhaps to taake a walk for life  
 United in one as man and wife  
 And call the spangled stars above  
 As witnesses of mutual love  
 This natal day now is past  
 We hope it will not be the last

#### DECORATION DAY 1881

Strew flowers oer the heroes head  
 Who for your country fought & Bled  
 He fought for eaqul rights for all  
 Let raining flowers or him fall  
 He died your countrys life to save  
 Strew flowers oer the heroes grave

## AN ASCENT OF MOUNT SHASTA IN 1861

(From the Journal of Richard G. Stanwood<sup>1</sup>)

I left Marysville for Yreka and Mount Shasta the 15th of August at two P. M., Brooks remaining behind till next day, his partner being absent. I thought it advisable to start before him, as thereby I should get a day to rest at Yreka before starting out for the ascent. The road to Oroville was as usual hot, dusty, and disagreeable, and I didn't enjoy the ride at all. Arriving at Oroville at six-thirty, got tea, and started on again at seven. At Faulkner's where we stopped at eight-thirty, felt hungry again and took another supper. Composed myself to sleep as soon as we were under way again and woke up at Chico at eleven. Stage stopped at Major Bidwell's ranch, one of the finest in the state. Neal's and Henshaw's close by are also very fine. Horses changed, and then more dozing, with constant roar and rattle in my ears all the while, only interrupted by bumps, crashes, and thumps, as we went over rough places.

At three A. M., the 16th, at Tehama, small, cheerless looking place with several brick buildings, at one of which we stopped for change of stage. Stage officials looked surly and disagreeable. Set them down for secessionists. Glad to be off again for Red Bluffs, which we reached at five, napping all I could in the mean time. Quite a flourishing sort of a place, many brick stores, and some of the finest brick dwellings I have seen in the state. A brief pause, and then on again, and kept awake most of the time till we reached Cottonwood, a ranch where we breakfasted at seven-thirty. Then through the dust and increasing heat to Shasta Road, most the way over sterile plains, with occasionally some grain-land and a few good bottoms. A little before coming to Shasta the country gets hilly and the town lies in a valley. It is not as large a place as I expected to find, but contains many large brick buildings and a number of tasty looking dwellings prettily located on the hills around.

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<sup>1</sup> Richard Goss Stanwood was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, October 18, 1830, and died at Marysville, California, April 30, 1917. Before coming to California in 1852, he went to sea in a ship of which his father was captain, so when he speaks of a view from the summit being like one from a mast-head he is using a familiar illustration.

Of the persons mentioned in the journal, Noah Brooks was editor of the *Marysville Appeal* and was later well known as an editor and writer in the East; William S. Moses was later a resident of San Francisco; Dr. T. T. Cabaniss, of Yreka, was the father of Judge George H. Cabaniss of the Superior Court of San Francisco; "Jo," to whom Stanwood wrote from Yreka, was Joseph F. Smith, also from Gloucester, his partner in the lumber business in Marysville.

This extract from Mr. Stanwood's journal is printed through the courtesy of his son, Edward B. Stanwood.



Only time to dine, and we are off again, very hot, dusty, and unpleasant till about four, when we reach the Tower House, a delightful spot with the finest orchard I have seen in the state, though not the largest, and plenty of beautiful shade-trees. Got some nice peaches, and starting again, took an outside seat with the driver, Jim Comstock, whom I found to be a right clever fellow. Three miles further we came to French Gulch, quite a little town, some brick buildings. Soon we were at the foot of Trinity Mountain, over which the road runs at an easy grade, winding and turning about the steep sides so gradually that one only realizes by looking down how high he is getting in the world. Reached the summit by eight, and then went swiftly down the declivity, rounding the short turns with little diminished speed, just as if the road wasn't of the narrowest and fearful depths below. Still it was exciting and one couldn't but draw confidence even from what appeared to be the recklessness of the driver, who, crossing the mountain every day, seemed just as much at home as if he were on the safest road in the world. At nine-thirty we were at the foot of the mountain and stopped to supper, a good meal to which I did ample justice, after which, on to Trinity Centre, a small village, where we arrived at eleven. Were informed we had a few hours to sleep; I received the intelligence joyfully, but was disappointed when, on being shown to my room, I found the bed already numerously occupied and the sheets in a desperate condition. Lay down on the outside in my clothes and had hardly got asleep when a man with a candle entered and informed me it was four o'clock and the stage ready.

Were soon off — this was the 17th. I retained my outside seat and enjoyed the scenery much though the air was bitter cold for the season. The Trinity River, a beautiful stream, flowed along our route and we crossed and recrossed it over good bridges, getting splendid views of its crystal waters singing over the rocks between banks of rich verdure, whence hung willows and alders; steep and rugged hills around, covered with pines and firs, forming the background to the picture. Breakfasted at the Mountain House near the foot of Scott Mountains, which we soon after began to ascend. The road is of the same style as that over the Trinity Mountain, but more extensive, crossing it at an elevation of 5,586 feet. The summit is much higher, and snow lies there all the year. Some four hours carried us over and into Scott Valley, stopping at Callahan's Ranch at eleven, to dine — rather too early, I thought, and concluded to wait. Our road now lay up Scott Valley, a beautiful spot some thirty miles long and from one-half to one-and-a-quarter miles wide, Scott River running through it, and the Salmon Mountains, with their sharply defined summits, bounding it on the west. The

valley, from end to end, is under cultivation and seems a perfect grain-field, with occasionally a rich meadow, as the size and number of the hay-cocks just being rolled up testified to. The grain was very fine also; the oats, in particular, were the best I have ever seen.

By the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Fort Jones, a right thriving little town with lots of stir and many new houses going up, but of which I never had before heard even the name. There was formerly a military station in the neighborhood during Indian troubles, but the soldiers have long since left and the barracks, etc., are going to ruin. Fort Jones is near the end of the valley, and we were soon in the hills again and crossed quite a high mountain, though much lower than those behind, before descending into the Shasta Valley in which lies Yreka. As we came down the hill south of the town I caught my first glimpse of Mount Shasta and, I must own, felt a little intimidated. Glimmering in its snowy robe, and half hid by the haze, it looked ghostly, awful, unapproachable.

At five I was at the Union Hotel, 51 hours from Marysville, pretty tired, and completely covered with dust from head to foot. A bath, shave, and clean clothes made a great change in my appearance and feelings, and after a hearty supper I felt like a new man, pleased with myself and at peace with all the world. After tea, found Mr. Moses without trouble and spent an hour or two with him and his lady very pleasantly; then home, wrote a line to Jo, and then to bed.

The next day, the 18th, was up early and went upon a neighboring hill for a sight of the mountain. The atmosphere was clearer than the night before and I had a fine view — tried to sketch it, but gave up in despair after a few trials. Down into town again, found Mr. Moses, and with his assistance hunted up creepers, or spiked shoes, for Brooks and self. He spent two or three hours with me in the afternoon and I found that I had often seen him in San Francisco in '52 and '53, he being at that time Master of Golden Gate Lodge, F. and A. M., which I frequently visited. By invitation, took dinner with him and wife at her mother's, where they board, and was very hospitably entertained. After dinner, down to meet Brooks, who arrived on the stage. Evening, he having washed up, made a short call on Mr. and Mrs. Moses, and then home and to bed.

The next morning, the 19th, was up early, made preparations for the trip, and a little before nine started in the Soda Springs Stage for Strawberry Valley at the base of the mountain. There were six of us — Mark Leonard, W. T. Odell, T. T. Cabaniss, Wm. S. Moses, Brooks, and I. Had a pleasant ride and stopped at a place called Little Bummer for dinner. The valley on the left of our road had a very

peculiar appearance, being closely dotted with singular looking hills, from the size of a house up to eminences of 400 or 500 feet. Arrived at Strawberry between three and four, and put up at the house of Mrs. Clarke, a driving widow lady, who made us perfectly comfortable during our stay. Looked round, hunted up staves and engaged horses, and early went to bed. It having leaked out that Brooks was an editor, he and I had the best bed, too good for me, in fact, who can't sleep on feathers. We were not particularly edified after going to bed to hear the landlady's daughter, a pleasant little woman with a nice baby, talking over the hardships of the proposed trip, and prophesying that Brooks and I, at any rate, wouldn't be likely to go through with it. However, we soon went to sleep and slept soundly enough till six the next morning, the 20th.

After breakfast, packed up, got our horses to the house, and at ten started for the camp on the mountain-side, our first resting place. The distance was about nine miles, most of the way up steep ascents, and only an indistinct trail through the manzanita chaparral, which made our progress slow, and was very severe on our clothes. Got there by two o'clock, found it a pleasant site in a pine grove, with running water close by. Turned out our horses, cooked coffee and bacon, and had a hearty meal. Then lay down on our blankets and tried to rest for our tramp.

About six, we moved camp up to the edge of the snow and built our fire under a bluff close to a beautiful spring, whose waters were as clear as crystal and cold as ice. Made coffee again and ate our suppers. This was called, in honor of our scientific man, Camp Moses, as we had previously christened our first stopping place Camp Ross, for the wife of the Methodist minister, who had remained there over night the month previous while her husband made the ascent.

At ten minutes past nine, the moon being a little way above the hills and all our preparations made, we commenced the ascent. We had been joined by three persons from the neighborhood of Strawberry Valley and now numbered nine. All were dressed in thick clothes, and each carried a pair of blankets to protect him against the cold weather at the summit. Also provisions and a stick of firewood each. Beside this everyone had some extra thing to pack — Mr. Moses had the barometer and thermometers, I had the spyglass, Brooks the coffee-pot and materials, etc. — the distribution having been the subject of grave deliberation before we left camp. We did not go on to the snow at once, not having put our climbers on, but walked carefully over a low ridge of loose rocks for half or three-quarters of a mile, taking it very easy and resting occasionally. Then we got our climbers on and took

to the snow, which was rather soft as yet, but as the way wasn't very steep we got along well enough.

By eleven we were in the middle of the largest snow-field, some three miles from camp, the party rather scattered — four of them perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead of Moses, Odell, and myself; and Brooks and another as far behind. These two were complaining of fatigue and sickness at the stomach, and several others of headache. By one o'clock we had made another mile of hard climbing and were within perhaps half a mile of some red bluffs, over which we intended to rest for an hour or so — I mean Odell, Moses, and myself, who kept along together. The four leading ones were about as far ahead as before; Brooks was lying down, sick and sleepy, 300 or 400 yards behind, and the remaining one was a little nearer sick but crawling along slowly. The snow was now very hard and steep and we made little progress, often being obliged to rest before counting our ten steps, the number we had prescribed. Didn't feel quite so sanguine about getting up, though not at all unwell or exhausted. It was half past two before we three had crossed the bluffs and had come to our resting place between a large snow-bank and a large ledge. The other four were a little ahead, and the two still behind, but both now crawling up. The air was decidedly sharp and we had all we could do to keep warm, wrapped in our blankets and huddled together like hogs in a barn yard.

At quarter to four, our stragglers having arrived, we left them to rest awhile and seven of us started on for the summit, now a mile and a half distant. Of this, a mile was up a very steep hill of loose rocks, very hard to climb, and the remainder a snow field that was worse still. It was not steep, but the snow lay in high thin ridges across our way, like slates, or panes of glass, set on edge, from two to three feet high, tapering from perhaps eight inches to nothing on the edge, and a foot and a half apart. We fell at every step and were so tired that we often didn't get up very soon.

The Doctor and myself were still in this snow when the sun rose, and other five were on the ledge which forms the highest portion of the summit. We, however, lost nothing as we could see all the *phénoména* there as well as if we had been the additional hundred feet or so higher. The mist and smoke of the valley hid everything except the upper part of the mountain we were on, and we looked down upon a level surface, just as one looks from the mast-head of a ship out of sight of land. The sunrise also was much like a sunrise at sea, except that our first sight of the sun was below the horizon some two diameters, as he came up behind mountains, themselves submerged in the sea of mist. Over



this sea as he rose, stretched dark and sharply defined the pyramidal-shaped shadow of the mountain, its apex reaching to the horizon not less than forty miles away. We were in the full blaze of the day, the snow sparkling and dazzling in the sun, while all below was shrouded in the veil of night.

We two were on the summit by ten minutes after sunrise. Brooks and his partner didn't get there till an hour and a half or two hours later, and before they arrived two or three of the first had left. Moses and myself felt most awake of any of the crowd, and, while they rolled up in blankets and tried to sleep in sheltered places, he went on with his observations, and I — made coffee — the first I venture to say ever made on the summit. At no time during our stay was it at all clear, so the view was nothing. In the spring of the year, before the fires in the woods darken the atmosphere, it must be splendid, and I hope yet to witness it.

There are a great many memorials on the summit, stowed about among the rocks, and all in excellent condition, rain never falling and no chance for the snow to lodge where it does not soon blow away. One bore the name of the only woman who ever reached the top, Mary J. White, Sept. 9, 1856.<sup>2</sup> There were many papers, some bearing date as far back as 1854, almanacs, Odd Fellows constitutions, pack of cards, hard-boiled egg, etc., etc.<sup>3</sup> We added our names to the record, and

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. White, however, was not the only woman who had ever reached the summit, as disclosed by the following extract from the *San Francisco Bulletin*, September 23, 1856: "Mount Shasta Ascended by Ladies — On Tuesday last, September 16th [9th], says the Yreka Union, the famous mountain Shasta Butte was ascended by a party of ladies, where they celebrated the admission of California into the Union. The ladies who performed the feat are, Mrs. D. A. Lowry, of Scott's Valley, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Gage and Mrs. J. White, of Yreka, and Mrs. McLeod, of Sacramento river. They have accomplished that which, it was thought, up to 1854, from the representations of Fremont, to be an impossibility. In company with Capt. Pierce, Mr. White, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Sparlin, Mr. Gage, Mr. Gordon and two others, they left the highest point of timber on the mountains at 6 o'clock in the morning, and arrived on the summit at 4 o'clock, P. M. There they remained half an hour or more, and after planting the star spangled banner upon the highest pinnacle, commenced the descent, and arrived at the starting point at 10 o'clock at night. We are promised a particular account of this interesting ascension, which, if it be not of unreasonable length, we shall be pleased to lay before our readers."

<sup>3</sup> An account of an ascent by J. D. Pierce and a company of citizens of Yreka, Humbug, and Scott valleys, in 1854, immediately following the first ascent by Pierce, is given in *History of Siskiyou County, California* [by Harry L. Wells], Oakland, 1881, p. 32. "These men erected a cairn at the summit and there deposited copies of the *Mountain Herald*, the *New York Herald*, the new Testament, and the constitutions of the Sons of Temperance and of the Odd Fellows." In Hutchings' *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California*, 1860, p. 178, Israel S. Diehl, who made the ascent in October, 1855, says that he "deposited some California papers and documents in the rocks, for safe keeping, as the papers carried up in 1852 were unharmed, and fresh as ever." There is sufficient circumstantial evidence to warrant the conclusion that the ascent referred to as occurring in 1852 was that of Pierce and that the correct date is 1854. A brief history of the mountain, and a description of some of its features, together with bibliographical notes, will be found in an article by Ansel F. Hall in *Sierra Club Bulletin*, 1926, Vol. XII, No. 3.

would have left an American flag Mr. Moses had brought for the purpose, but there was no staff or anything to make one of, and as they always blow away in a short time and are seldom visible from below, we concluded it was about as well to take it home again.

We staid about the summit till ten o'clock and then started down. Just below the highest ledge there is a lively boiling spring, which sends up quite a volume of smoke and whose waters are said to be strongly tinctured with sulphur and arsenic. We gave it a wide berth, as many have been poisoned by inhaling the vapor. Moses filled a bottle to have it analyzed, and I did likewise, but soon threw mine away thinking it wouldn't pay. Our terrible snow was now soft and we had a broad path made by our predecessors, so we were soon over that, and found that it was not a tenth part as tedious going down our hill of loose rocks as it had been coming up. Brooks and I had lingered, and when we reached the red bluffs we could see our party away down in the snow below, hardly bigger than ants. As soon as we were fairly on the snow we tried the experiment of sliding on our blankets, which were in a roll, and found it worked admirably, the only trouble being to keep from going too fast. We went like arrows down the steep descent, dragging our feet with our climbers on all the while, and only able to stop sometimes by throwing ourselves into the snow. It was fine fun and helped us amazingly. As we got well down and the mountain was not so steep our blankets wouldn't run, but we made good time sliding on our feet and were back to Camp Ross by one o'clock, where we had a lunch and then packed up for Mrs. Clarke's, leaving our trusty staves tied to a tree for the benefit of future excursionists.

The road didn't seem half as long as it was going up and we were there in good season. We went a little out of our way to see a splendid spring, one of the sources of the Sacramento. The water bursts from the side of a steep hill in a tremendous volume and is as clear and cold as possible. Mrs. Clarke was ready with a hearty dinner for us, to which we were able to do full justice. We all felt nice at our success and crowed some over those who had prophesied we shouldn't get up. Mr. Moses figured up his observations, by which it appeared the mountain is a little less than 14,000 feet.<sup>4</sup> We all went to bed early and did splendid sleeping.

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<sup>4</sup> The elevation now generally accepted is 14,162 feet, as given by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, in 1904. This was taken by observing vertical angles on the mountain top from other stations. The elevation thus determined was 4316.3 meters, or 14,161+ feet. This determination is subject to error by hardly more than 10 feet.

The next morning, August 22nd, after breakfast, we packed up, sketched the mountain — such sketches!! — and spun yarns of our pluck and endurance till the stage came along. We had a capital dinner at Little Bummer and were in Yreka long before supper. Next day, the 23d, Brooks and I took to recruit, and he also extended his acquaintance and subscription list and got items for sundry newspaper articles on Northern California. Called on Mrs. Moses and saw all of our party but the Doctor, who failed to show himself. Went early to bed and were waked at two A. M., the 24th, to start home. I took an outside seat, and after I got fairly waked up, enjoyed it, though the air was chilly enough. We got to the Tower House at ten that night, took supper and went to bed.

Next morning, the 25th, were up early and took a walk through the orchard, which is one of the finest in the State. The fruit is principally apples and peaches. All the trees were loaded down with splendid fresh looking fruit. We did full justice to them, for at Yreka it had been so scarce and high, prudence had compelled us to be abstemious. One of the men was going out trouting and I took a pole and went with him. I caught one as soon as I put my line in, and had ne'er another bite, though I waited patiently for over an hour. We were charmed with the locality and our excellent accommodations and fine fare, and decided that the Tower House was the best place to stop at we had seen in our travels. Rode in to Shasta on the Weaver-ville Stage in the afternoon. After tea, strolled round till church time and then attended the Methodist meeting. Was glad when it was done; went home and to bed. The next morning, August 26th, started again at two and were home here (Marysville), at eleven P. M. Took a bath, pumped Benner for news and went to bed by midnight.

**DOCUMENTARY**  
**THE FRÉMONT EPISODE**

**[Larkin to Friends in California regarding the Political  
Situation]**

[Larkin's Official Correspondence I, pp. 77-79. Bancroft Library.]

[Copy]

Consulate of the United States of  
America Monterey California April 17<sup>th</sup> [27<sup>th</sup>?] 1846

Sir

With this conveyance you have the President's Message of Dec<sup>r</sup>. 2<sup>d</sup>. 1845, from this document, you will preceive that Mr Polk has taken a high stand, respecting the Oregon, from which he will not decend. Mr Tyler had before said, the Oregon is ours, and we shall people it, this operation is now in the full course of experiment — Mr Polk in December 1846[5] objected to do anything with Mexico, relative to our many demands against that Nation, untill one more Minister, should have been sent to Mexico. Mr Slidel (of La) has now been there, and from my Mexican papers to March 12<sup>th</sup>. or 14<sup>th</sup>. and New York to February 25<sup>th</sup>. I find that Mr Slidel Ministry has been refused. General Paredes has put out Herrera, the people are now puting him out, the northern Departments of Mexico, wish to seperate and become two Nations. The Portsmouth was on the 1<sup>st</sup>. waiting for the last Mexican Mail (the Commandant General of Mazatlan, had a very late one, an express) when Commodore Sloat heard of the situation of Captain Fremont, and at once dispatched her for this Consulate jurisdiction, when the Portsmouth sailed the Commandant General of Mazatlan had published a Bando informing the Inhabitants that the Commodore would on the morrow declare the Port in a state of Blockade, thereby giving the Americans reason to suppose that there was war, And the Commodore had the news, which he had not, but was expecting it. — The Government Officers had left Mazatlan for Rosario taking the archives Etc. — The United States in January or February were determined to declare war against Mexico, unless she herself declared the war or came to terms. No two adjacent Nations can continue long, as Mexico, and the United States have been of late, war or better terms is the only alternative, — should the former now be the case, I believe that the stars, would shine over California before the 4<sup>th</sup>. of July! blessing those who see them and their prosperity after



them. should peace continue, and it cannot as it is, it must be peace, and Freindship. then the fate of this Country May be defered, it must (in my opinion) change by some means, should my ideas be right, I hope the Natives of California will improve the opportunity; Rancha-roles may be bettered by the change, perhaps not the Merchants. I myself as a trader prefer everything as it is, the times and the Country are good enough for mè, I am partial to the people, and flatter myself they return my good will, at least appearances are to that effect, You have much at stake in the appearent coming events, you have your property, family, and feelings from a long residence among the Californians, may and should be interested in their favour, and what is their favour? their patriotism points them still to belong to Mexico, but that feeling is constantly leaving every one who has his farm and cattle to take care of, and will be but as a thing of other days, unless the supreme Government lends California a helping hand in good faith, and for the actual good of the Inhabitants, as many beleive this will not happen, at least untill this generation has passed from the scenes before us, they after despairing of seeing their own Statesmen come forward, and save a sinking people, have and are looking abroad for succour, and assistance, some look to England, some to the United States, and a few to France, the last is a "denier resort," those who look to Europe know nothing of an European Colonist's life, or the heavy tax and impsitions he suffers,— the ideas of Independence is from his mother's breast, implanted in every Native of the American Continent, then where should he under imposition or a state of distrust look to for assistance? only to the United States of America, he will there find a fellow feeling, with those who can participate in all his ideas, and hail him as a Republican and citizen of the land of Freedom.

Be all these things as they may, from the time of Mr Monroe the United States have said, that no European Government should plant colonies in North America. Mr Polk reiterates this assertion, and his Government will make it good and the day that the European Colonists by purchase, or the European Soldier by war, places his foot on California soil, that day shall we see the hardy sons of the west, come to the rescue!

I have thus givin my opinion on the state of California and her affairs, to you as a freind and countryman of mine, and as a freind of California, as in saying I care not who hears you read this letter, I must insist on its not going out of your hands, or of a copy being taken by any one, you will oblige me by carefully reading, and with

the same care giving me an answer, as I know you have always preferred excitement to indolence, and a name and character, to being one of the common class, (and have been much in the political Vortex of California) I must ask of you, if you will inform me, by a safe conveyance? from time to time? of any wish on the part of the people in your vicinity to change or better their condition, should circumstances, require it, I shall visit the north and south this summer.

I Remain dear Sir Your

Obedient Servent,

THOMAS O. LARKIN

One to

Abel Stearns Pueblo de los Angeles

John Warner San Diego

Jacob P Leese Sonoma

[Leidesdorff to Larkin regarding Official Duties as  
Sub-Consul]

[Larkin, Documents for the History of California IV, 111. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

Yerba buena May 7<sup>th</sup>. 1846.

T. O. Larkin Esq<sup>r</sup>.

Dear Sir.

According to your request I forward you by Mr. Howard, all that I have against you in my books, the amount I have paid for Mr. Gillespie, I shall forward you by himself on his return, I have already paid about \$75. for him, should you recommend all our men of wars that call here from Monterey to get there bullocks and other supplies from me it will assist me a great deal in those expences you mention in your letter, and also enable me to pay you that cash note of mine much sooner, as it is the only way I have any hopes of getting bills or cash, I am obliged to you for getting the cloth, you will oblige me more by pushing him on to finish the suit, and forward them by first opportunity, as I have no clothes to appear decent onboard of a man of war should one come here,

As regards the hopes of a change, and the coming events, I can hardly express my pleasure, I only hope it will take place soon, as it will be a few thousands in my pockets, you may depend on my forwarding to Monterey any person, that may want to see you, I shall also be very guarded in any thing appertaining to my office, about my being

on good terms with persons in office, you may depend I shall do so, and hope that I shall allways have it in my power to fill my office in such a manner, as to be an honour and not a dishonour to the country of which I have the honour of representing —

Captain Russom arived here last evening 11 days from Monterey, Mr. Howard has bought out the H. B C<sup>o</sup>. house, and I have been apointed there agent to collect there outstanding debts by getting one or two more agences I shall be able to make a living, I only wish you would send me some one that you can recomend to do my writing, Her Britanic Majestis vice consul, has not made his appearance in these parts for some time, I am told he is on the other side of the bay, spunging on his wifes relations, I hope what you say about Mr. Spece [Spence?] may turn out true, all though it is to good news to be so, I send you by Capt Libby one corned salmon you will find it verry good in the morning for breackfast, broiled with a little butter over it, no more at present, hoping soon to hear from you I remain

Your Obt Servt

WM. A. LEIDESDORFF

P. S.

I wish you would do me a favour to send me an account in general of all I owe you as also the note paid Mr. Mellus

Yours &c.

W. A. L.

### [Sutter to Castro with Opinion of Gillespie's Mission]

[Castro, Documentos para la Historia de la California II, 98. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

[May 13 (?), 1846]

Señor Teniente Coronel Don José Castro, Comandante General del Departamento

Con mi ultima Carta del mes de Abril yo informé á V. S. que el Capitan Frémont del Ejercito de los E. U. llevo veinte y uno Caballos mas ó menos, que su gente compro de los Indios ladrones, con esta yo acompaño la copia de la carta que yo escribi al dicho Señor, pero no he recibido ninguna contestacion, y el se fué hace como tres semanas como dicen á la Columbia ó Oregon Antes que el dicho Sor. llevo su Campo á la frontera como 40 leguas de este éstablecimiento he dado una fiesta grande á su gente y a los emigrantes que han salido por la

Columbia, todavía no he visto una persona que ha sido presente á la fiesta.

Hace dos semanas hoy que llego un Señor, que seguro es un Oficial del Ejercito de los E. U. que tiene un pasaporte del Gobº supº de Mejico como particular, el me dijo que es viajando por su salud, y tiene Cartas por el Capitan frémont de su familia, pero yo no puedo creer este y pienso que este Señor que es un Oficial del Ejercito de los E. U. (yo he visto su nombre en una lista de Oficiales) yo le he dicho esto, el me dijo sí, antes; pero ahora era retirado del Servicio, quien sabe?—en mi concepto yo pienso que este Señor Gillispie es un Correo por el Capitan frémont y quien sabe tiene Despaches importantes de su Gobierno por el, porque este Señor compró á la frontera Caballos y tomo cuatro hombres en su servicio á dos pesos enplata de diario para séguir al Capº. Fremont, diciendo que seguira hasta la Columbia.

De todo este parece que este Señor tiene instrucciones importantes de su Gobº. por el Sor Fremont, y puede ser que el viene volver á la frontera.—

Yo recomendo á V. S. de poner una Guarnicion respectable en este punto, antes que los Emigrantes de los E. U. entran en el país, el tiempo de la llegada de ellos es en el medio del mes de Setiembre próxº segun las Noticias pueden ser algunas milles de almas, pero no 10,000 como dicen.—

Creiendo que el Gobierno comprará mi establecimiento yo compondré todo en el mejor Orden, esta Casa grande nueva que V. S. ha visto, ahora yo hace una alta mas y lo compone tan pronto que posible para quarteles propias para tenir como 2 a 300 Soldados, y a dentro tambien habrá Campo mucho para la tropa. Yo escribi tambien al Señor Don Victor Prudon sobre esta Causa.

Entre tanto yo tiene el honor de ser con la mas alta Consideracion su muy attento y Obediente Servidor Q. b. s. M.

J. A. SUTTER.

[Rubric]

P. S.

Una Matanza con los Indios á la frontera de algunos Cazadores estrangeros, y el Capitan fremont que los ayudo, yo créo, es en el territorio de los estados Unidos.



[Translation]

Señor Lieutenant Colonel Don José Castro, Commander-General of the Department.

In my last letter of the month of April I informed Your Worship that Captain Frémont of the army of the United States took twenty-one horses, more or less, which his people bought from the Indian thieves. In this I enclose a copy of the letter which I wrote to the said gentleman, but I have not received any answer whatever, and he went away about three weeks ago, so they say, to the Columbia, or Oregon. Before that gentleman moved his camp to the frontier about 40 leagues from this establishment I gave a grand fiesta to his people and to the emigrants who have left for the Columbia; so far I have not seen a person who was present at the fiesta.

Two weeks ago to-day a gentleman arrived who certainly is an officer of the army of the United States, although he has a passport from the Superior Government of Mexico as a private individual. He told me that he is traveling for his health, and has letters for Captain Frémont from his family, but I cannot believe this, and I think that this gentleman is an officer of the United States army (I have seen his name in a list of officers). I told him this, and he replied that formerly he was, but that now he was retired from the service. Who knows? It is my opinion and I think that this Señor Gillespie is a courier for Captain Frémont, and who knows but that he may have important despatches from his Government for him, because this gentleman bought horses on the frontier and took four men into his service at two pesos in silver daily, in order to follow Captain Frémont, saying that he would follow him to the Columbia.

From all this it appears that this gentleman has important instructions from his Government for Señor Frémont, and it may be that he will return to the frontier.—

I advise Your Worship to put a respectable garrison at this point, before emigrants from the United States enter the country. The time for their arrival is the middle of the month of next September. According to the reports there may be some thousands of souls, but not 10,000, as they say.

Since I believe the government will buy my establishment, I will put everything in the best order. To this large new house that Your Worship has seen I am now adding one more story, and I will fit it up as soon as possible for barracks fit to hold some 200 or 300 soldiers, and inside there will also be plenty of room for the troops. I wrote also to Señor Victor Prudon in regard to this matter.

In the meantime I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your very attentive and obedient servant, who kisses your hands.

J. A. SUTTER.

[Rubric]

P. S.

A massacre by the Indians on the frontier of some foreign hunters; Captain Frémont aided them, I believe. It is in the territory of the United States.

**[Pio Pico's Decree Calling a General Council of the United Towns of California]**

[Mr. C. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Contemporary translation]

Pio Pico constitutional Governor of the Departmental of Californias to the inhabitants, says, that the most Excellent Departmental Assembly has decreed the following.

The most Excellent Departmental Assembly having unanimously agreed and come to a determination on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. day of April ult., and having approved in all its parts of the opinion of the commission of the government admitted on the same date; the Session of this day has ordered the publication of the above mentioned suggestions, and decreed the observation of the following articles from the first to the contents of the last inclusive.

Sir; the commission of Government recommended to lay open the opinions and suggestions on the propositions presented, one, by his Excellency the President of this illustrious assembly, as recommended by the Government of the Department, on its opening the ordinary session, and the other by Señor Bandini sustained by its author as conformable to the very grave circumstances manifested by the government, and as such is passed in to the commission to whom is confided this matter of such great importance, and who is afraid of his insufficiency, seeing that in it are confided labors of the greatest difficulty, more grave than the first and of such a formal character for discussion and examination in the department, he wishes to strike the right point, and for this the commission promises all the means in its power, but if unfortunately he should not strike the right object that is most necessary for the exigencies of the Public, it shall not be through negligence or the want of good faith in the proceedings, that it does not reach the

Victory entrusted and recommended to the wise illustration of this Honorable Assembly of the Departmental Government.

The first preliminary part shows the apprehensions of the government with regard to the introduction of Foreigners, and the non effect produced by the Supreme order, recommended to prevent this introduction.

If it were possible to consider this point in an ordinary way, the commission would not now be under the obligation of seeking a remedy, this then would be easily found, and we should not have to form indications, which in that case would not be necessary. The commission now sees the circumstance in the same light in which it is regarded by government, in the proofs and data which she gives.

There is no doubt that the principal object of the introduction of Foreigners in the Department is to fill it with a sufficient number of people, and separate it from the Mexican Union. This then is the question to be kept always in view, as the most important, and in which the Commission observes extraordinary difficulties for explanation. Nevertheless the Commission will use all its energy and feelings, leaving to public judgment the event of its decree. The government has said The national integrity is threatened and under these fearful circumstances the only resource it finds lies in the naming a commission to the general government, which, although it may not have time to return here, is an efficacious foresight; but the commission does not see the flattering advantages that such a commission may produce, though all these incidents, cautions, and manouvres, that are invented towards this Department are with sufficient anticipation in all probability within the knowledge of the whole Nation, and even within the knowledge of most foreign Powers, by remitting the commissions to the newspapers of the government and other public papers commonly posted up, in which we find the questions of Oregon and California. Thus then on reflection it may be well said without fear of adventuring too far that if the supreme national government wishes (as it ought) to forward the necessary assistance for preventing the progress of the events announced and which are already even in practice, we may doubtlessly suppose, that she cannot do it, in consequence of the agitation it is now under, in the interior of the Republic, and the great scarcity of funds necessary to provide for the payment of any force she might send to this Department, the sorry example of which in our way of thinking we have before us, and which is the non arrival of the expedition announced in August of the last year, and which up to the present time we have not seen: there are some who even maintain

doubts that it will ever arrive. The commission would be most happy under the certainty of the ingress of these troops into California; but at the same time, is most heartily sorry in having to observe that the situation of the Department would be deplorable in the extreme, should this force be sent, without, at the same time bringing with them sufficient funds for their maintainance and security, for the whole time it would be necessary for them to remain here, and as there is no doubt but this would be for a seasons length of time, should there be a scarcity of supplies for the troops, the result would be that of placing the inhabitants of the country in a condition the most bitter full of sufferings, and driving them to despair: and now, taking into consideration the indefencibleness of the Department, the Commission presents two circumstances, the most likely to happen.

First, that if, as with some foundation it is said, this country should be invaded by a large number of foreigners, as is already is announced, and the general government should send the necessary forces to repel them, in the state in which we at present find ourselves; what would be the measures we should be able to oppose? and if, after having united the number of troops which we may consider necessary, and these should be short of the necessary supplies, what would be the consequence to the inhabitants of the country? The commission finds no means of resolving this problem; and confessing its defect, leaves the problem to be resolved by some greater capacity. The national honor is our interest and it is impossible we should feel indifferent towards it, Such is the lamentable state in which we are situated, according as it is presented to us.

We have no administration of justice; supreme orders are not respected; without any public funds, on account of its badly regulated inversion; without any military force to assist and sustain the dispositions of the authorities, or to defend the interests and properties of individuals which are constantly attacked; with the interior administration, we may say, in complete disorganization, and all in the greatest state of abandonment, and in this conflict, so distant from the mother fountain of rescources, every thing announcing a most deplorable future. Such, and thus it is distinctly observed by the Departmental Government, and the commission having a knowledge of these points, besides those presented by Señor Bandini, on which is founded his proposition: these being the faculties conceded by the bases of the Departmental Assemblies, judges most conformable to the representative system in such urgent circumstances, and at the same time being aware that the general government does not possess the oppor-



tunity of facilitating the remedies, consequently it must be allowed, the towns conformable to their sovereign liberties, to take such providential steps as may be necessary to their interests, and to put themselves under cover of defence, from the evils which threaten them; and to secure for the honor of the Patria, the welfare of their future fortunes.

Under these principles the Commission presents to the deliberations of this illustrious Assembly, the following propositions

1<sup>st</sup>. On the fifteenth day of June of the present year shall be assembled a general junta, made up of elected deputies by the towns as expressed in the continuation.

2<sup>nd</sup>. The 30<sup>th</sup>. day of May these deputies shall be elected in the following order, Sonoma, one; San Francisco, one; St. Josephs, two; Monterey, four; Santa Barbara, four; Angels, four; and S<sup>a</sup> Diego, two.

3<sup>rd</sup>. The election shall be nominal (transient) by public concurrence, and before the first local authorities of each town above mentioned, each of these naming two individuals as acting Secretaries.

4<sup>th</sup>. To the persons elected, shall be sent an official document signed by the respective authorities, and the Secretaries: these documents to serve as credentials to be presented to general junta, and to the Departmental Government shall be given notice of its verification.

5<sup>th</sup>. The general junta, mentioned in the first article, shall unite in Santa Barbara, and settle the time of its duration, and the order of its Sessions. His Excellency the Governor of the Department shall preside and in the case of his absence, whomsoever the junta shall name.

6<sup>th</sup>. By the government shall be solicited the incorporation of the military and ecclesiastical classes, in such number as the authorities of the junta shall find most convenient, not exceeding five.

7<sup>th</sup>. The object of the general junta shall be conformable to the very grave circumstances in which the Department is situated, and for the Government to regulate all that may be most convenient and necessary to prevent the most fatal effects exteriorly and interiorly of the dangers with which it is threatened.

8<sup>th</sup>. To the aforementioned junta shall be given the name of the General Council of the United towns of California, its title, shall be most Excellent, and señorio or senator that of each individual.

9<sup>th</sup>. The vocals of the illustrious assembly shall meet as individuals appertaining to the junta, and shall have voice and vote in all its deliberations.

10<sup>th</sup>. The 15<sup>th</sup>. day of June as mentioned in the first article, the junta shall open its session, if there are twelve individuals present, of

those elected by the aforementioned towns. His Excellency the Governor shall be given to understand this for its publication and completion in all its parts.

Hall of Sessions,  
of the illustrious Assembly of Californias  
in the city of Angels the 13<sup>th</sup>. day of May 1846.

PIO PICO,  
President.

AUGUSTIN OLVERA,  
Dep<sup>ty</sup>. Secretary.

And that it may reach the notice of all I command that this be published by Edict, and that it be posted in the conspicuous places, and that it be circulated to all whose duty it is to see it punctually attended to

Given in the city of Angels Capital of the Department of Californias on the 13<sup>th</sup>. day of May 1846.

“PIO PICO”

JOSE MATIAS MORENO  
Actg Secretary  
for the Govern<sup>mt</sup>.

Published in Monterey by the Prefect of the District D<sup>a</sup> Manuel Jesus Castro”

### [Gillespie to Larkin Telling of Adventures in the North]

[Larkin, Documents for the History of California IV, 134. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

At Peter Lassen's  
May 24th 1846

My Dear Sir

You will, perhaps, long ere this have been expecting my arrival with you, & I had no idea of being absent so long — Upon arriving here on 1<sup>st</sup>. inst, I found Capt Fremont had left eight days previous; yet the general impression seemed to be, that three days travel would easily overtake him — As I considered it important to communicate with him, & the correspondence I carried important, I hastened after him on the 2<sup>d</sup>, with a party in all six — We were misinformed however, & did not overtake him until upon the northwestern border of Clamette Lake, and having undergone hardships, narrow escape from dangerous Indians, & want of food — We were forty hours without anything to eat, and then the Indians brought a salmon & some dried fish — They

were a party of some ten men & three squaws. This was at Clamette River, just as it leaves the Lake, where we could not find the food — These Indians put us across in their canoes & appeared very friendly. I had sent two of the party on ahead to stop the camp — which left us four only — Old Peter Lassen, one of Fremont's men Step, who was going to join him again — Ben & myself. We left the River at 12 o'clock, & traveled up & over the mountains. At about sunset we came up with a party of the camp & Capt Fremont, who had come to meet us some twenty five miles — Neal & Sigler having been followed by the Indians, & having entertained fears that we would be in danger. This was eight days from the Sacramento — We went to our beds (soft stones) quietly, but about twelve the Indians made an attack, by killing two men while they slept — Tomahawking one & shooting six arrows into the other — They then charged upon the tent of nine Delawares & killed one, shooting a second. Their principal Chief was shot fighting bravely — upon looking at him at daylight, he proved to be the principal man of the party which had put us across the River, & no doubt came after us for the purpose of killing us four. We joined the camp the next day and have journey<sup>d</sup> regularly until last night. Fremont & I came here leaving the Camp very much worn out, fifteen miles above — We have been living upon Horsemeat for some eight days without flour. There was too much snow upon the mountains to cross — He now goes home from here. I send this messenger to get such news as you have & to give us some information in relation to the vessels of war — where they are & whether the Congress has arrived — I enclose a note for the Commodore, which please lock up, if he should have sailed — Neal will be able to give you all the news about our travel, to whom I must refer you, as time is pressing & my ink so bad I can scarcely write —

Your letter by Neal please address to A. H. G. — absent — Cap't Fremont. I shall go immediately to Yerba Buena to obtain supplies for the Camp, & by so doing prevent any further trouble — This you must not say anything about — Do me the favor to send me a Courier to Yerba Buena, when you despatch Neal; & send by the former some articles of summer clothing which I name in the enclosed list — I have been without a change scarcely — I give Neal an order for Twenty /\$25/ Dolls to supply him in the event of accident of if he should want money —

Yours very truly

T. O Larkin Esqr

ARCH H. GILLESPIE

&c. &c

Monterey

**[Frémont to Larkin Transmitting Letter to Senator Benton]**

[*Ibid*, IV, 132. Original]

Sacramento river, May 24. 1846.

My dear Sir,

Not being able to detain a present opportunity to write to you, I will beg You only to forward the enclosed [letter to Benton] through some of your friends in Mazatlan, so that it may not be interrupted. Please see to this for me. I will write you soon more at length and acknowledge all favor.

Yours truly

J. C. FREMONT.

Thom. O Larkin Esq.

Consul for the United States,  
at Monterey.

**Private letter from Capt. Fremont to Senator Benton**

[Niles' National Register, Nov. 21, 1846, pp. 190-91, printed also in  
Frémont's Memoirs, p. 499]

Sacramento River, (lat. 40°,) May 24, 1846.

My Dear Sir: Most unexpectedly, and in a remote region of the northern mountains, I had the great pleasure to receive your letters. An express from Mr. Gillespie overtook me, the man being Neal, whom you will remember as having been left by me here in the last expedition. No other man here would have had the courage and resolution to follow us. I had the good fortune to save the lives of Mr. Gillespie and party from the Indians. In a charge at night by the Tlamath Indians I lost three men killed and had one dangerously wounded, being then with a detached party of fourteen men. You will regret to hear that among the killed was my old companion, Basil Lajeunesse. We afterwards fought the nation from one extremity to the other, and have ever since been fighting, until our entrance into the Lower Sacramento valley. I have but a faint hope that this note will reach you before I do; but the object for which I write is a pressing one and therefore I make the experiment. The Tlamath lake on our last map I find to be only an expansion of the river above, which passes by an outlet through a small range of mountains into a large body of water to the southward. This is the true Tlamath lake, and the heart of the Tlamath nation. It is on the east side of a range of mountains, (the

Cascade.) Directly west, and comparatively near at hand, is the Umpqua river. *Here the British have a post.* — Why do they keep it there? The trade in fur will not justify it. If there is to be any war with England, it is of great importance that they should instantly be driven from this and similar posts before they furnish the Indians with fire arms, and engage them in their service. These Indians are considered by the Willamette missionaries (who have been able to have only a slight knowledge of those in the north) as the most savage and warlike Indians on the continent. So said Mr. Lee. This post maintains an intercourse with the Tlamaths and other mountain Indians, and furnishes them with the tomahawks and iron arrow-heads, with which they fought us. They are the bravest Indians we have ever seen; our people (my camp, Carson, &c.) consider them far beyond the Blackfeet, who are by no means so daring. You know that the Indians along the line of the Columbia are well supplied with fire arms, ammunition, and horses — hardly a man having less than forty or fifty of the latter; that they are brave, friendly to the British, and unfriendly to us. These things may be worthy of Mr. Buchanan's attention. Your letter led me to expect some communication from him, but I *received nothing*. I shall now proceed directly homewards, by the Colorado, but cannot arrive at the frontier until late in September. I saw a notice of your illness in the papers, and your letter relieved me of much anxiety. I trust that I will be able to force my way through this rough voyage, and find all well on the frontier. We certainly commenced our voyage when some malicious and inauspicious star was in the ascendant, for we find enemies and difficulty everywhere. I detain Mr. Gillespie's courier to write only to yourself; believing, too, that when this reaches you I shall be near at hand. The letters from home have taken off half the length of the journey, and I have courage now for the rest.

Very truly and respectfully,

J. C. FREMONT.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

**Francis Drake and Other Early Explorers along the Pacific Coast.** By John W. Robertson. San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press, 1927. 290 pp., maps, illustrations. Large 8°.

About forty years ago Professor George Davidson announced that he had definitely determined that the place at which Sir Francis Drake beached his ship in June-July, 1579, was in Drakes Bay, under Point Reyes. He even went so far as to identify the exact spot. Professor Davidson deservedly enjoyed a wide reputation as a distinguished scientist, a reputation that increased with his years. His long experience in the exploration and charting of the Pacific Coast for the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey made him an unquestionable authority on the topography of its bays and harbors. Consequently, when he announced his conclusions regarding the movements of Drake, there were few who cared to dispute him or who felt able to muster sufficient evidence to support different conclusions. The result has been, therefore, that in recent years most of the writers who have had occasion to mention Drake's California voyage have contented themselves with the remark that, "It is now generally conceded that Drake landed in Drakes Bay under Point Reyes."

In the fifteen years that have elapsed since Professor Davidson's death there has been a notable advance in historical criticism and with this advance an almost complete disregard for dogmatic assertions, no matter how distinguished may have been the dogmatist. There has been a general reopening of cases, the introduction of new evidence, and a reformulation of arguments to meet the modern sophistication. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Professor Davidson's statements challenged by more than one critic.

Dr. John W. Robertson's *Francis Drake and Other Early Explorers along the Pacific Coast* and Mr. Henry R. Wagner's *Sir Francis Drake's Voyage around the World* have appeared almost simultaneously. The slight precedence of Mr. Wagner's book enabled Dr. Robertson to refer to it and comment upon some of its passages. It would perhaps have been just as well if he had not done so, as there was scarcely time for him to digest the material. Excepting for these hastily added passages, Dr. Robertson's conclusions were reached quite independently of those of Mr. Wagner. Both are agreed that Davidson was wrong. With Mr. Wagner this point is only incidental to his major theme of Drake's world cruise; with Dr. Robertson it is the climax to which the earlier chapters are preliminary.

In challenging Professor Davidson, Dr. Robertson minces no words. He evidently feels that deep-rooted error needs rough handling. Yet the arguments that are made are sufficiently convincing without the addition of personalities, and most readers will undoubtedly feel that the case is marred by these unnecessary interpolations.

Dr. Robertson's own conclusion is as follows:

"To locate definitely this *Harbor of St. Francis*, if I may so name it, has been attempted by many of our local historians. No selection has resulted in a choice that, after disinterested study, can be considered so fully proved as to be beyond controversy. This is due to the fact that in all narratives that have come down to us, the descriptions are so scanty and the location given is so briefly mentioned that specific topographical details are lacking. The various harbors named have been proved to be the result of personal preference rather than a selection based on authentic data."

The book is divided into five sections as follows: 1. Cortes, the Discoverer; II. Indians of the Californias; III. Jesuit Survey of Baja California; IV. Drake's Voyage in the South Sea; V. The Harbor of St. Francis. The last was published in a preliminary edition a short time in advance of the book and now appears with some important changes and additions. There is an appendix containing reprints of portions of the three principal source-narratives of Drake's California voyage.

The sections are of various degrees of interest and of merit. The first is introductory, with nothing noteworthy of an original character. The second begins with an interesting collection of descriptions of Indian customs taken from early accounts and concludes with a discussion of the voyages of Cabrillo and Ferello, Cermeño, and Vizcaino, with many passages from Venegas. The Jesuit chapter is brief, dealing chiefly with Kino. In the fourth and fifth sections Dr. Robertson enters upon the real purposes of his book: the collection of the several accounts of Drake's voyage, and the refutation of Davidson.

The beautiful typographical presentation of Dr. Robertson's *Drake* should not pass unnoticed. The title-page, the chapter-headings, and the tail-pieces, are especially fine. The excerpts from Hakluyt are ingeniously printed in a modified Old English type that distinguishes them from the excerpts from other sources. The outlining of some of the maps in color is possibly open to criticism as not faithfully reproducing the originals, yet the result is very effective and adds substantially to the fine appearance of the book.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR.

**Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World, Its Aims and Achievements.** By Henry R. Wagner. San Francisco: John Howell, 1926. xii+543 pp. 74 illust. and maps. Large 8°. [Also an extra-illustrated edition of 100 copies.]

In his many pages of sustained exposition and argument, Mr. Wagner has given a more fully integrated account of the Great Voyage than has previously come from enemy or friend of Drake, and in the doing has succeeded in putting the whole subject on a plane where partisanship of the great sailor and enmity to him seem equally foolish. It will hardly be said again even by the most unfriendly of its critics that the purpose of the voyage was piratical in the sense that other expeditions under Drake's command were piratical, nor on the other hand will its leader's most enthusiastic apologists be able hereafter to affirm that the colonization of California was even an incidental purpose of the voyage. Although Mr. Wagner lacks documentary evidence of his contention that the Drake voyage of 1577 was undertaken on behalf of an organized company of merchant adventurers, he yet succeeds in carrying conviction that it had its inception in the desire of such a company to establish new trade relations with the East. The spices of the Moluccas that came back in the hold of the *Golden Hind* were overlooked by the noisy crowd that cheered the first English circumnavigator of the globe. Indeed the adventurers themselves forgot this humbler cargo while they happily counted their share of the easily won treasures of the Spaniard, but in that final adjustment of the balances by which the English overseas trade was brought into being, the spices of Ternate were found to weigh heavier by very much than the gold of Peru. It is mainly by common sense interpretation of the documents that Mr. Wagner takes some of the color out of the pretty picture of Drake the colonizer, the empire builder, painted by Sir Julian Corbett and Mrs. Nuttall.

*Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World* has been conceived and carried out by its author as a comprehensive investigation presented on a scale unusual in monographic study. An Introduction gives briefly the career of Drake previous to the great voyage. In succeeding chapters the objects of the voyage and the preparations for it are discussed, and a reader looking at the chapter headings perceives that from this point throughout the book he is to follow into little known seas that expedition which won so great a degree of renown for its leader. Through the medium of contemporary and later narratives, he is to go with Drake across the Atlantic, through the Straits, along the west coast of South America to California, and after pausing there while the

place of "Drake's Anchorage" is determined, across the Pacific to the Moluccas, and so home. A chapter on the immediate results of the voyage, diplomatic and political, and another on the ensuing Fenton expedition conclude Mr. Wagner's discussion of the voyage itself and incidentally something less than one-half of the five hundred-odd pages of the book. The remaining pages are devoted to a searching examination of the sources and to the reprinting of various documents and texts pertaining to the voyage or its purposes. The author's notes are voluminous and discursive, and portraits, maps and other illustrations are not only reproduced in profusion but they are described with the purpose of showing their significance as evidence in the argument. The book has been largely and broadly planned and one observes no flagging of the author's zeal or strength in its execution.

Although for some points in Mr. Wagner's thesis there exists no documentary evidence, yet by a dry insistence upon facts, by shrewd observation, by the piling up of argument the author compels even his romantic readers to let go of the old idea of the happy warrior, the "Undaunted Drake, a name importing Wonder," and take up instead a conception of a square built, red faced chap, now explorer, now pirate, always merchant trader, who knew what he wanted, went after it and kept Europe talking about him in unwilling admiration for thirty years.

This economic interpretation of Drake is an excellent reagent to the adulation of Corbett and Mrs. Nuttall, but once it has been thrown into the crucible of discussion Mr. Wagner pays no more attention to it. He goes on to his real business of following the wake of Drake's voyage from the information of the contemporary narratives with careful, though sometimes individualistic, discussions of the debatable points. The performances of Drake on the West Coast of South America, the Doughty business, disputed matters generally, are discussed with greater abundance of detail than has ever been brought to bear on the subject. If it seems sometimes that Drake comes out of the business badly, it is because the reader is forced to regard the facts rather than because of specific words of condemnation from his new biographer.

The California episode in the Great Voyage naturally receives careful and extended treatment from the author of *The Spanish Southwest*. In successive chapters devoted to Nova Albion and Drake's Anchorage, Mr. Wagner analyzes every sentence of the early narratives that has to do with Drake's stay in California. He gives a hearing furthermore, to the arguments of modern exponents of the various theories, and by the application to the problem of strong common sense, and curiously thorough knowledge, compels his readers to agree that a visit to California was no part of Drake's original plan, and that he had no shadow of

an intention to colonize his Nova Albion then or later. He went there simply to lie perdu while the Spanish avenger searched the seas for him, and to await the propitious season, well known to the Spanish sailors of Acapulco, for crossing the Pacific without encountering the fatal typhoon. The one Englishman of note who saw both Virginia and California in the sixteenth century seems to have been led to both places by fortuitous circumstances. In discussing the place of Drake's anchorage, Mr. Wagner sets himself the task of upsetting the tradition and later scholarly research that assign this spot variously to San Francisco Bay, or Drakes Bay, and then by comparing the inset plan on the Hondius broadside and the descriptions of the narratives with actual topographical conditions, decides in favor of Trinidad Bay or Bodega Bay as the place where the company repaired its ships and rested for a pleasant summer month. It is hardly to be supposed that the last word has been said in this dispute, but even one who is unfamiliar with the topography of the California coast sees easily that Mr. Wagner's arguments will need a deal of answering for their successful refutation.

If it were the purpose of this notice of *Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World* to go minutely into the matter and style of the book, evidence could be presented that would justify criticism of certain of its features. It would be impossible to write as copiously as Mr. Wagner has done and to express as frequently personal opinion without committing an occasional fault in presentation. The matter could have been compressed somewhat and the texture of the writing made closer and firmer, but after all, I am not sure I would have it so. It is refreshing to find a writer so full of a great matter that he pours it out in a flood which seems at times an inundation, but which a persistent reader soon perceives to be confined within the straight, high banks of constantly held purpose.

LAWRENCE C. WROTH,

John Carter Brown Library,  
Providence, R. I.

**Some Imaginary California Geography. By Henry R. Wagner.**

*Proc. Amer. Antiquarian Soc.*, April, 1926. pp. 1-49 [of reprint].  
8 maps in facsimile.

Imagination, fable, and hearsay, even though better evidence was available, played a large part in the making and confounding of 16th and 17th century maps of the west coast of America. That was a period of flaming interest in New World discoveries and cartographers fanned that flame and fed it with hastily gathered fuel.

Mr. Wagner selects three of the most curious and widespread errors



on the old maps, traces them all to their probable sources and indicates some of their extraordinary results; results at times measured in terms of futile explorations, and the sacrifice of the lives of men.

Specifically, the three misconceptions here discussed deal with the placing of Coronado's city of Quivira on the northwest coast, the theories of the existence of the strait called Anian, and the belief in California as an island. Of the misplacing of Quivira, Wagner has already written in the pages of this *Quarterly*. The myth arose in one of Ramusio's accounts. He had been misinformed by a certain gentleman of Mantua concerning a letter written from Mexico by the Viceroy Mendoza. The error was perpetuated for fifty years or more by geographers who neglected to look into the original narratives.

In an indirect way the placing of Quivira in California contributed to the theory of the existence of a northwest passage through the so-called Strait of Anian. This theory, dating from the time of Columbus, gained ground through reasoning based upon tales of imaginary discoveries, particularly second-hand stories of the Philippine voyager Urdaneta and through claims of Juan de Fuca. It was not until the explorations of the Russians in the Behring Sea that the earlier conceptions, while confirmed, were seen to have been pure suppositions.

Cortes' discovery of the peninsula of Lower California led to an early belief that this region was insular, but the myth of California as an island was curiously enough reawakened sixty years after Ulloa and Alvarado had discovered the mouth of the Colorado. Maps made from 1600 down to the time of Kino's explorations, and even later, continued to ignore this previous evidence. It was an alleged story of one of Drake's sailors that had started the ball rolling in the wrong direction. The Onate discoveries, though they should have checked the error, tended rather to perpetuate it, and all doubts were not dispelled until Father Consag's expeditions on the peninsula as late as 1746.

Mr. Wagner, in these essays, gives us the benefit of his broad and detailed knowledge of the sources, and his clear judgment as to the trustworthiness of the mass of evidence which he has so carefully examined.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

**The Rezanov Voyage to Nueva California in 1806. An English Translation Revised and Corrected, With Notes, etc., by Thomas C. Russell. San Francisco: Private Press of Thomas C. Russell, 1926. xii+104 pp. 5 illustrations. 8°.**

Another of Mr. T. C. Russell's historical reprints has been issued from his private press, a translation of the report of Count Nikolai Petrovich Rezanov to the Russian Minister of Commerce at St. Peters-

burg, on the occasion of Rezanov's voyage from New Archangel (Sitka) to the port of San Francisco. It is a work equally valuable for its contents and the dress in which it appears. To the translation, newly revised and corrected with omitted passages restored, Mr. Russell has added valuable information concerning Count Rezanov, the Russian American Company, the Krusenstern Expedition, also sketches of Doña Concepción Argüello and her family and of the Presidio of San Francisco from its founding in 1776 down to 1846.

The illustrations include a mezzotint of Count Rezanov and etchings on copper, reproducing rare pencil drawings of early visitors to the port, and lithographs from the books of early voyagers. One of them, that of the Presidio of San Francisco in 1806, is the first view of any part of the city. We wish that the beauty of Doña Concepción had been transferred to paper or canvas. As it is, we must content ourselves with pen-pictures of her attractions. Langsdorff, a physician who accompanied Rezanov, wrote of her in his published *Voyages and Travels*: Doña Concepción was distinguished for her vivacity and cheerfulness, her love-inspiring and brilliant eyes, exceedingly beautiful teeth, expressive and pleasing features, shapeliness of figure, and for a thousand other charms, besides an artless, natural demeanor. Beauties of her kind one may find, though seldom, only in Italy, Portugal and Spain." Count Rezanov, himself, said of her that she was "the universally recognized beauty of Nueva California."

He became an ardent wooer and his attachment was doubtless sincere; but had not the contemplated marriage fitted so well with his plans, it is possible that diplomacy might have prevailed over love. As it proved, though we grieve for the accident which separated the lovers, and for Doña Concepción's gray years of waiting and uncertainty, it is to our great gain that their hopes were never realized. Although Rezanov came to buy bread-stuffs for his starving colony at New Archangel, in the back of his mind was another thought. A Russian colony and a kindlier climate than that of their northern settlements was his dream, and in spite of initial opposition, he won his way with governor, commandantes, officers and padres and soon became *persona grata* among them. They discussed with him their plans and difficulties, while he sought to convince them of the mutuality of their commercial interests with those of his own country. But, wrote he, "If the Russian government had thought earlier of this part of the world, and estimated adequately its potentialities . . . it is safe to say that Nueva California would never have been Spanish territory, . . . even now there is still left an unoccupied intervening territory fully as rich, and if we allow it to slip through our fingers, what will succeeding

generations say? I, at least, shall not be arraigned before them in judgment."

Death brought to an untimely end Rezanov's ambitious plans. He never reached his sovereign, to inspire him with his own ideas of extending the Russian empire to California, and he could not return to claim his bride. Unaccompanied by his physician, Langsdorff, who had remained in Sitka, he fell a victim to fever while crossing the wastes of Siberia and, resuming his journey while still too weak from illness and hardships, a fall from his horse ended his life on March 1, 1807. Of Doña Concepción, her faithful years of waiting, her receipt of the news of Rezanov's death from Sir George Simpson in Santa Barbara in 1842, and of her later life and death in the Dominican convent at Benicia in 1857, others have written, and Mr. Russell has quite properly included in this volume Bret Harte's moving poem dealing with this romantic story. The book in typography is a worthy companion to his previous offerings dealing with the early development of California. The dedication is to Mr. C. O. G. Miller, a director of this society.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

**California's Pioneer Circus. Joseph Andrew Rowe, Founder. Memoirs and Correspondence Relative to the Circus Business Through the Gold Country in the 50's. Edited by Albert Dressler [San Francisco, 1926.] 98 pp. Illustrations. 8°.**

To the terms *Americana* and *Californiana* should in my belief be added a further one entitled *Dresslerana*. And did Funk and Wagnalls ask me to define same — although thus far they have not done so — I should qualify *Dresslerana* as rare books, pamphlets, manuscripts, newspaper files and similar miscellany, which would have perished in oblivion had not an ingenious individual by the name of Albert Dressler traversed the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast and brought to light many historic treasures, to gladden the hearts of collectors.

In 1925, Albert Dressler issued *Letters to a Pioneer Senator* (James W. Mandeville), while in 1926, he reproduced in admirably faithful form, the *San Francisco Town Journal, 1847-1848*, brilliantly reviewed in the last number of the *Quarterly* by Robert Ernest Cowan.

And now he starts off on a new tack. Having come into possession of a number of letters, bills, and other papers of Joseph Andrew Rowe and his associates, Dressler has published under the title of *California's Pioneer Circus* a handsome book, giving the life and professional career of a man whose advent in San Francisco in 1849 meant much to the early-day amusements of the fun-loving miners.

The opening chapter traces the career of Rowe from his birth in 1819, at Kingston, North Carolina, until he sailed through the Golden Gate on October 12, 1849. Rowe let no grass grow under his feet, and gave San Francisco its first circus entertainment on October 29, 1849. The *Alta California* of November 1 was enthusiastic in its praise of the new enterprise and congratulated San Franciscans "on having at length a place of evening resort."

On February 4, 1850, Rowe added a stage to his amphitheatre and in addition to the circus entertainment gave dramatic performances. The admission price for parquet seats was two dollars.

To detail here too minutely the enormous success Mr. Rowe's circus met with, repeated when he visited the California mining towns, his purchase of Santa Anita Rancho in 1854 with the intention of retiring from professional labors, his subsequent return to the lure of the tank-bark, and the various ups and downs that were to be his portion, would rob prospective readers of the keen enjoyment that comes from perusing a virile human document.

Suffice it to say that Joseph Rowe experienced the full quota of ups and downs that, alas, falls to the lot of nearly every amusement purveyor. At one time the proud possessor of a circus that yielded superiority to no contemporary, Rowe during the last twelve years of his life was a horse trainer, so obscure that he no longer figured in even a minor degree in a circus side show.

*California's Pioneer Circus* has been issued in a very limited edition and necessarily belongs in the library of every collector of Californiana who desires to preserve the colorful life of a golden era.

JAMES MADISON.

**El Toroso. An Operetta in Two Acts. Music by Lucia T. Neelands. Words by Katharine C. Sharpsteen. Copyright, 1924, by Katharine C. Sharpsteen and Lucia T. Neelands [San Francisco: The Banner Play Bureau].**

#### CHARACTERS

*Don Fernando*, owner of a ranch near San Luis Obispo.

*Doña Luz*, his wife.

Their daughter, nicknamed "*La Chuparosa*" (The Hummingbird), just sixteen.

*Joaquin*, their son.

*Felipe*, their orphaned nephew.

*Juandiego*, their kinsman, an elderly caballero.

*Pilar*, a guest, engaged to Joaquin.

*Chona*, a guest adored by Felipe.

"*La Perica*" (The Parrot), gossip extraordinary.

*Don Mariano Peña*, who has come from the Valley of the Moon to see La Chuparosa.

*Nikolas Nikolaivitch*, the result of Mariano's last fishing trip down the Russian River.

Guests, Washerwomen, California Poppies.

The scene is laid on a ranch near San Luis Obispo, the time is about the year 1838, and the action takes place just before and during the progress of a fiesta.

#### SYNOPSIS

On the morning of the fiesta, Don Fernando leaves for San Luis Obispo after warning his son, Joaquin, of the bandit El Toroso. He fails to tell Doña Luz of the special guest whom he expects. The guests are much interested in the rumors of the bandit and laugh at Juandiego's bravado. Felipe, who has been ordered to Monterey, takes leave of Chona and the girls try to comfort her. Mariano, the expected guest, arrives with his gloomy Russian satellite, and La Chuparosa takes him for the bandit, El Toroso. She persuades him to go away. Felipe, unable to leave the fiesta, returns and meets Juandiego. The gossip, La Perica, tells them that El Toroso is dead, but they persuade her to keep it a secret until mañana. The guests make fun of Juandiego's boasting in the closing chorus of the first act.

The second act opens with the guests gathered near the house singing. After a contra dance, Juandiego enters disguised as El Toroso. Felipe enters, disguised as El Toroso, and while each accuses the other of being an imposter, Joaquin captures them. Mariano returns and is taken for El Toroso until Don Fernando comes home and the mystery is explained.

To this sprightly and cheerful little story is set a musical score in keeping with it. Both book and music breathe the spirit of the fiestas of our early days, "before the Gringo came." Mrs. Neelands makes use of themes popular at the period in which the scene is laid. Particularly apt and interesting is the way in which she has combined some of them, as for instance in the amusing duet between Mariano and Nikolas entitled "Ingratitude," where against a lively bit of melody á la Sullivan for Mariano is set off a Russian dance theme for Nikolas, both uniting in a strain down from the Russian national anthem.

It appears that in 1924 it had been the custom for some time at the high school of San Luis Obispo, with which Miss Sharpsteen is



connected, to present annually an operetta. In her letter, written in April of that year, she says: "When I found that no operetta with a Spanish-Californian setting was on the market, I wrote one, or the words of it, and my aunt, Mrs. W. L. Neelands of Mill Valley, wrote the music, based on a knowledge of old California folk-songs."

Both composer and author are deserving of credit for their painstaking and successful labors. The operetta met with a most enthusiastic reception upon its first performance, and as it is especially adapted for just such a production as it was given, it ought to afford pleasure on similar occasions in the future to other actors and audiences in other high schools.

H. D. B. SOULÉ.

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## NEW MEMBERS

Since the publication of the last *Quarterly*, Mr. Milton H. Esberg, already an active member, has transferred to patron membership, and the following new active members have been elected:

Castle, George Parmelee, Honolulu, T. H.

City Free Library, Sacramento.

Danaher, Mrs. C. D., San Francisco.

Dressler, Albert, San Francisco.

Ebright, George, M. D., San Francisco.

Epstein, Gustav, San Francisco.

Morbio, Carlo S., San Francisco.

North, Hart H., San Francisco.

Older, Mrs. Fremont, Cupertino.

Tillinghast, William D., Piedmont.

Trubody, W. A., Napa.

Wagner, Henry R., Berkeley.

## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

The December, 1926, luncheon meeting of the Society was held at the Clift Hotel on Tuesday, the 14th. The speaker was Dr. Charles L. Camp, whose topic was "Beaver and Sea Otter in the History of the West."

Beginning with the use, by primitive man, of the pelts of animals as clothing, the speaker showed how, with a number of races, the use of furs had come to mark rank and dignity, thereby enhancing the market value of such commodities. The North American continent was the habitat of many animals that furnished valuable material to the world's markets. Of these animals, the beaver from the rivers of the interior, and the sea otter of the Northwest coast were two whose skins were of sufficient value to justify their pursuit into these remote regions, as well as the huge cost of transportation to the markets. No other products of the West would bear these charges in competition with those of more local production. Following the beaver particularly, the trappers of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies of Canada, and the American and Rocky Mountain companies of the United States, as well as the many independent associations and free trappers of the western frontier, penetrated the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains, crossed this barrier, and the Great Basin beyond, and reached the shores of the Pacific. Meantime the Russians in pursuit of the sea otter particularly had been working down the coast of the Pacific from Alaska, and Yankee ship captains had learned that they could pick up cargoes of this valuable fur from the Indians to sell to the Chinese in return for the teas and silks so much sought after in their home towns.

Thus by land and sea the trails were blazed by the fur gatherers, for subsequent trade and immigration. The Boston fur trading vessels to the Northwest coast gave the United States her original claims to the Columbia River country. The trappers who explored the defiles of the Rocky Mountains were the guides of succeeding exploring expeditions and of many of the immigrants who decided the fate of California at the time of the conquest.

There were present to hear the address forty-seven members and guests, who showed much interest in the speaker's presentation of the subject.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

"The Escalante Expedition to California, 1776," was the topic of an address by Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton of the University of California at the luncheon of the Society held at the Clift Hotel, February 25, 1927.

The meeting was unusually well attended and the account of this little known Pioneer and Pathfinder whose trail Dr. Bolton recently followed most fascinating. The talk was illustrated with maps from the Bancroft Library showing the route pursued. Dr. Bolton has found a most gratifying revival of interest in Escalante all through the country and expects to organize a party to again visit the scenes of his explorations this summer, and we hope, in the not distant future, will publish a translation of the diary of this intrepid pioneer of the days when the royal flag of Spain floated in the breeze of the Californias.

Dr. Bolton also spoke of Father Palou's "New California," which he has just edited, in four volumes. To the California Historical Society he gives all credit for the publication of this monumental work—the oldest history of California—as it was following some remarks made at one of our meetings that the necessary funds were made available by one of our members.

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"The Pious Fund of California Before The Hague Tribunal" was the subject of an address by Judge Jackson H. Ralston at the luncheon preceding the annual business meeting of the Society held on January 28, 1927, at the Clift Hotel.

Judge Ralston represented the United States in the case of the Pious Fund against Mexico, which came before the First Tribunal of The Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration in September and October, 1902. He is also the editor of two volumes dealing with this most interesting subject—particularly interesting to the California Historical Society as one of its early members, the late John T. Doyle of Menlo Park, in 1853 and at the request of Archbishop Alemany started the investigation which in 1902 brought an award of almost one and a half million dollars to the Archbishop of San Francisco and the Bishop of Monterey.

"The Pious Fund of the Californias" had its foundation as early as 1697, when two members of the Society of Jesus, Fathers Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino were given the necessary authority to undertake the reduction of California on the expressed conditions: 1, That possession of the country was to be taken in the name of the Spanish Crown; and 2, That the royal treasury was not to be called on for any of the expenses of the enterprise.

Anticipating the above results, the Jesuits had already received many voluntary donations, which were held as a trust for the benefit of the California Missions. The first donors were Don Alonzo Davalos, Conde de Miravalles, and Don Mateo Fernandez de la Cruz, Marques de Buena Vista, who gave one thousand dollars each.

The Jesuits retained charge of the fund until 1768, when they were expelled and the Franciscans placed in control. Later the Dominicans took over the Missions of Lower California and the fund was divided. On the declaration of Mexican independence Mexico took Spain's place as trustee of the Pious Fund and permitted it to fade into oblivion, where it remained until John T. Doyle in 1870 called for an accounting.

Following the above address, the election of Directors for 1927 took place, the incumbents being returned to office by a unanimous vote. The reports of officers and committees read at this meeting are printed below.

A. T. LEONARD, JR., M. D.

#### ANNUAL MEETING

##### REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND TREASURER For the Year Ending December 31, 1926

##### *Membership*

Members January 1, 1926.....	271
Elected 1926 (42 active, 3 patron).....	45
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	316
Resigned .....	17
Dropped for non-payment of dues.....	4
Deaths (3 active, 2 patron).....	5
	<hr/>
	26

Total Membership December 31, 1926.....290 Net Gain—19

During the year two active members—Mr. W. B. Bourn and Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman—were transferred to patron membership, so that we now have twenty-six patron members, although at the beginning of this year the dues of two of these had not been received for the year 1926.

##### *Meetings*

One annual business meeting and eight Directors' meetings were held. Nine luncheon meetings were held, as follows:

- Jan. 26: "The Discovery of Gold in California," Mr. Robert E. Cowan.
- Feb. 16: "Letters of Leland Stanford," Mr. George T. Clark.
- March 23: "Cotton and Gold," Dr. James A. B. Scherer.
- April 27: "The Human History of Yosemite," Mr. Carl P. Russell.
- June 29: "The Architecture of Santa Barbara Mission, the Original Buildings and Builders and the Restoration," The Rev. Father Augustine, O. F. M.
- Aug. 31: "Early Day Shipping and San Francisco's Water Front," Mr. J. B. Warner.
- Oct. 26: "General Vallejo, the Man of Vision," Hon. Emmet Seawell.
- Nov. 23: "Early Days of Methodism in California," Rev. Andrew J. Hanson.
- December 14: "Beaver and Sea Otter in the History of the West," Dr. Charles L. Camp.

##### *Exhibitions*

Three loan exhibitions were held by the Society during the year 1926: a Gold Discovery exhibition, January 25 to 30; a Yosemite exhibition, April 26 to May 1; and the Sesquicentennial exhibition, September 14-18.



*Gifts and Loans*

For gifts and loans of books, pamphlets, pictures, manuscripts, maps, and other historical items, the Society is indebted to the American Historical Association, Dr. David P. Barrows, Mr. Edward H. Benjamin, Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Miss Caroline F. Burke, Mr. James W. Coffroth, Colorado State Historical and Natural History Society, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, H. S. Crocker Company, Inc., Mrs. Charlotte Cuffield, Miss Josephine Daniels, Mr. G. Drake, Mr. Albert Dressler, Mr. Edward Eberstadt, Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman, Mr. Arthur M. Ellis, Mr. Alger Fast, Mrs. H. W. Filbert, Filson Club and University of Louisville, Mr. Louis Goodman, Mrs. E. Granniss-Wagner, Prof. George W. Hendry, Mr. T. W. Hubbard, Mrs. James J. Kimball, Miss Sarah Louise Kimball, Alexander T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., Judge Greene Majors, Miss A. F. Martel, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Prof. Carlos Mundt, Mr. Charles A. Murdock, Native Sons of the Golden West, Mrs. Nelson Page, Miss Edith H. Phillips, Mr. Ransome Pratt, Provincial Library of British Columbia, Col. J. W. Redington, John W. Robertson, M. D., Miss A. L. Sawyer, Mr. Ernest Schernikow, Miss Katharine C. Sharpsteen, Sierra Club, Society of California Pioneers, Brig. Gen. John H. Soper, Mrs. G. Q. Stewart, Mr. James D. Stewart, Mrs. Emma Kessler Sweet, Mrs. A. T. Thompson, Mr. George M. Van Buren, Mr. Henry R. Wagner, Wyoming State Department of History, and Mr. John P. Zipf.

The Society is also greatly indebted to Mr. Templeton Crocker for the continued use of his collection of Californiana and the room in which it is housed.

Monetary gifts amounting to \$309.25 were received from Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mr. Anson S. Blake, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman, and anonymous donors.

*Financial*

Cash on hand, January 1, 1926.....	\$ 298.27
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## Receipts during 1926:

Dues of Patron Members.....	\$2300.00	
Back Dues of Patron Members.....	200.00	
Dues of Active Members.....	2430.00	
Back Dues of Active Member.....	10.00	
Advance Dues of Active Members.....	115.00	
Gifts .....	309.25	
Separate Publications .....	76.20	
Quarterlies .....	201.00	
Miscellaneous .....	1.30	
		\$5642.75

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\$5941.02

## Disbursements:

Rent .....	\$ 960.00
Telephone .....	69.46
Salary of Corresponding Secretary.....	1725.00
Additional Office Help.....	80.50
Stationery and Office Supplies.....	77.80
Quarterly .....	1684.14
Separate Publications.....	43.55
Printing of Pamphlets, etc.....	188.00
Exhibitions .....	462.30
Luncheon Meetings.....	151.30
Payment on Loan.....	250.00
Taxes .....	10.65
Miscellaneous .....	122.67

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\$5825.37

On hand December 31, 1926.....	115.65
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\$5941.02

The sum of \$250.00 still remains to be paid upon the original \$750.00 loan.

Respectfully submitted,

DOROTHY H. HUGGINS,  
For T. W. HUBBARD,  
*Secretary and Treasurer.*



## REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

To the Members of the Society:

Your committee announces the completion of the fifth volume of the *Quarterly* — 426 pages and 10 illustrations. We have continued our policy of printing only source materials and original unpublished essays and articles relating to California history. A number of interesting contributions are already on hand and promised for next year.

We urge our friends and fellow members to submit for publication any important papers they may know of in private collections or among family documents. This class of material is often overlooked by historical writers and is liable to be lost in fire or other catastrophe.

We expect soon to commence a series of special publications containing interesting narratives for general sale and distribution. The support given by our members will determine whether this venture can be continued.

Your committee wishes to thank Miss Dorothy Huggins for her constant attention to details in connection with the publication of the Society's magazine.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES L. CAMP,  
*Chairman.*

## REPORT OF THE EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

San Francisco, California,  
January 24, 1927.

To the President  
and Members of the Board of Directors  
of the California Historical Society:

Your exhibit committee takes pleasure in reporting on a most successful series of exhibits during the past year.

Our first was held in the rooms of the Society during the week of January 25-30, in commemoration of the seventy-eighth anniversary of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill (Coloma).

The second was also held in our rooms during the week of April 26-May 1, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the discovery of Yosemite Valley.

The third, celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of San Francisco, was held at Larkin Hall, Civic Auditorium, from September 14-18.

In each instance we were well pleased with the number of visitors, and their expressions of appreciation. Each exhibit, particularly the last, resulted in the enrollment of new members, and that being the fundamental reason for our exhibits, we feel well paid for our efforts. But there is one thing that is always hard to surmount — that is the lack of suitable display cases. May we ask that your body help us that we may proceed to procure or have made at least one new case for each of the exhibits to be held during the coming year (say, not to exceed three), and if so designs and prices can be obtained and submitted for your approval?

FRED M. DEWITT,  
*Chairman.*